RAILROAD

MAGAZINE | OCTOBER 50c

Latest Trend in Push-Button Yards by Peter Josserand

RESTLESS FEET by Harry Bedwell | **Dollar a Division** by George Milburn

"I call it a bad day if I don't make $25 before noon"

(This chair alone brought $4.50 with twenty-five minutes work and 32¢ in cleaning materials.)

by Harold Holmes

"Just a few months ago I made the big move. I gave up my job and started spending all my time in the little business I had been running on the side. It wasn't an easy decision, but, now I'm tickled to death I made it. Not just because I'm my own boss or because I have an excellent chance of making over $10,000 this year. It goes deeper than that.

"You see, this idea has caught on like wildfire in my town. Not a day goes by without my phone ringing with women calling for appointments. The beauty of it is that once a woman becomes my customer, she calls back year after year. Not only that, she tells her friends, too, and they call me. Before I know it I'm swamped with work. (And at $7.50 an hour net profit it doesn't take long before my bank account is really mushrooming.)

"Funny thing, but back last year before I started, I never realized the money there was in this business waiting for someone to come along and collect it.

Concentrates On Better Homes

"Just think: every house in town has furniture and most have rugs or carpeting. I concentrate on just the better homes and have more work than I can handle. You know why? Because women are fussy about their furnishings. Can't stand to see them dirty. That's why they call me over every year.

"The average job is worth $25.00 to me and takes a little over 2 hours. Out of this, after paying for materials, advertising and other expenses I net about $15.00 clear profit. This means I need just 3 jobs a day to clear $11,-250.00 in a year. Frankly, since this will be my first full-time year I'll be glad to hit the $10,000 mark. But after that this business should grow larger each year until I have to hire men to help me handle the business.

Trained by Another Dealer

"Believe me there's nothing magic about it. I didn't know a thing about cleaning home furnishings before I became a Duraclean dealer. But after my application was accepted I was trained right in town by a successful dealer from another city.

"I was astonished by the short time it took me to become an expert. Actually, much of the credit must go to the Duraclean process, which is so safe it has earned the Parents' Magazine Seal.

"The portable machine you see is just one of the electrical machines I use. It manufactures a light aerated foam with a peculiar action chemists call 'peptizing'. It means that instead of being scrubbed deep into the fabric, dirt is gently ABSORBED by the foam, leaving the fabric clean all the way down.

"Women can't believe their eyes when they see how it works. Colors appear bright again, and rug pile unmats and rises like new.

"I don't have to soak rugs or upholstery to get them clean, which ends the problem of shrinkage, and means the furnishings can be used again the very same day. This alone has brought me a lot of customers.

Offers Five Different Services

"As a Duraclean dealer I make money with four other services, too: ***Duraproof*** . . which makes furnishings immune to moth and carpet beetle damage (it's backed by a six year warranty). ***Durashield,*** a brand new dirt-delaying treatment. It coats fabrics with an invisible film that keeps dirt out. ***Duraguard,*** another new service, flameproofs draperies, upholstery and carpets to reduce charring and the tendency of fires to flame up. And ***Spotcraft,*** which consists of special chemical products for removing stubborn spots and stains. On jobs where I perform all five services, I multiply profits!

"One of the nicest things about being a Duraclean dealer is that whenever I need help—whether it concerns advertising, lining up local retailers as agents, keeping business records, almost anything at all—I can write or phone Headquarters and I get prompt, expert guidance. They maintain a staff of experts who are going "all out" to make my business a success. My services are nationally-advertised in famous magazines like McCall's, House Beautiful and many others. I also get a complete advertising kit prepared by experts. (There's even a musical commercial!) I get a monthly magazine full of methods to build business and I can meet with other dealers at Duraclean conventions. I'm also backed by insurance. In fact there are over 25 regular services I get under their unique System.

Operates From Home

"Maybe you too would like to break away from your job and make a fresh start in a business of your own. Do you need a shop? Certainly not. I operate from home. Need a lot of money to start? Not at all. Duraclean finances reliable men, after a moderate down payment, and furnishes enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

"You get everything you need: equipment, supplies, advertising matter, personal training, and regular help from Headquarters. To get all the details, just fill out the coupon. There's no obligation and you can *decide for yourself.* I'll say one thing: if you DO become a Duraclean dealer, you'll be glad for the rest of your life that you took time today to write."

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Desk 8-700, 839 Waukegan Avenue, Deerfield, Ill.

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I'm interested in owning my own business. Please send illustrated booklets and full details FREE outlining the Duraclean Dealership Program and territory arrangement.

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Please print

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City.....State.....

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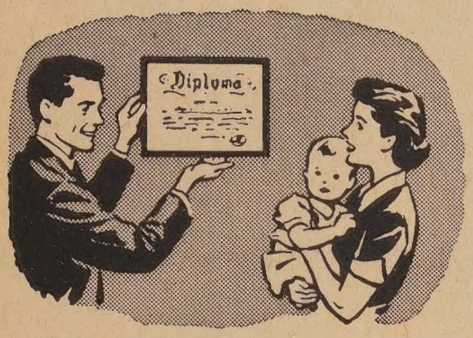

"You can stop worrying, Jane. My job's secure now! And here's the insurance policy to prove it—my I.C.S. diploma!"

This feeling of security is probably typical of every I.C.S. graduate. Because—as the job situation gets tighter, the man with I.C.S. training has the advantage.

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We'll send you three interesting books. The first, "How to Succeed," is a gold mine of helpful tips. Points out many small things in your personality and behavior that can make the difference between success and failure. The second tells about the opportunities in the field of your choice. The third is a sample lesson (Math).

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Many an I.C.S. student has made up the cost of his course in one month with the salary increase his I.C.S. training earned for him. By studying at home in your spare time, you pay yourself many times an hour more than you're now making. (One student reports—"My I.C.S. course was worth $95 an hour to me.")

The security of your present job—or success in finding the new job you've always wanted—is in *your* hands. Move ahead with I. C. S. training while others stay behind on the routine, small-pay jobs.

Remember, your first step to security is to mail this coupon. Take a few minutes and do it *now.* If you put it off, it can cost you your future.

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE OF ADVENTUROUS RAILROADING—FOUNDED 1906

VOL. 69, NO. 6 OCTOBER, 1958 50 CENTS

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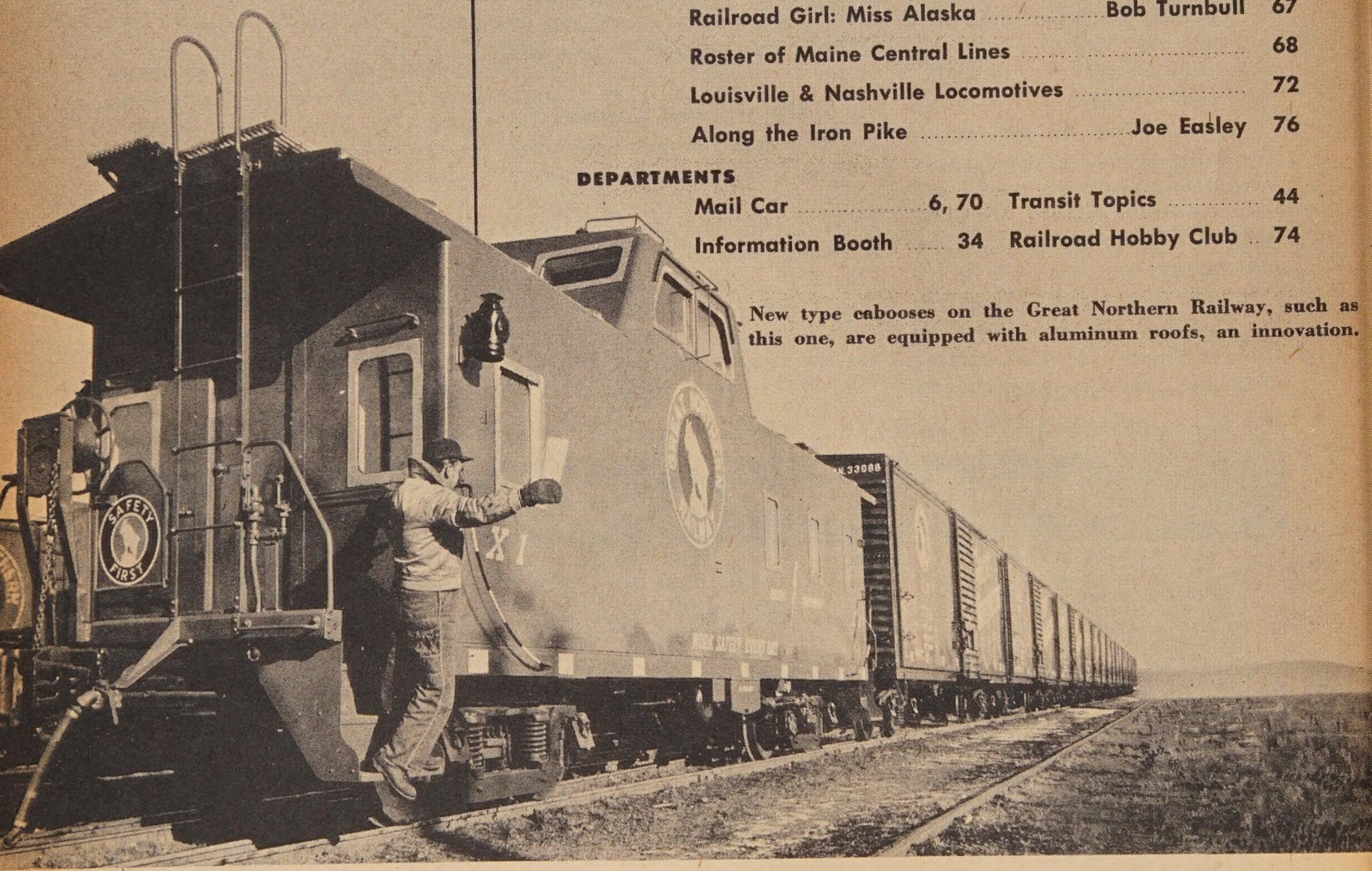

New type cabooses on the Great Northern Railway, such as this one, are equipped with aluminum roofs, an innovation.

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Published bi-monthly by Popular Publications, Inc., at 1250 Camden Ave., S.W., Canton 6, Ohio. Editorial and executive offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Henry Steeger, President; John J. McVarish, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Canton, Ohio. Copyright 1958 by Popular Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office. Single copy, 50c. Subscription for U.S.A., its possessions, and Canada, $5.00 for 12 issues. Other countries, $6.00. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return, if found unacceptable. The publishers will exercise care in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but assume no responsibility for their return. Printed in U.S.A.

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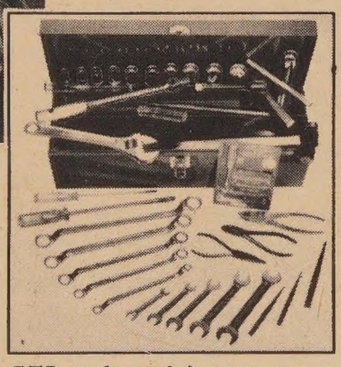

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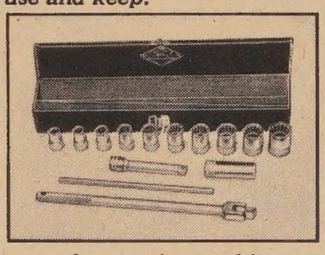

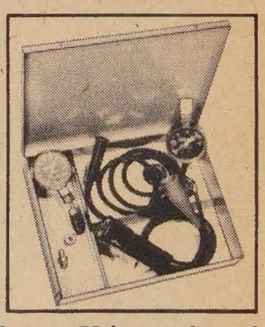

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MAIL CAR

Readers and Fans Sit in With the Editorial Crew

GREAT NORTHERN'S new Gavin Yard at Minot, N. D., pictured on our cover by courtesy of American Brake Shoe Co., New York City, is using radar and radio, electronics and electricity, men and machines to move freight faster. It's a 411-acre yard with 56 miles of track, 3 major buildings, 11 smaller structures. It takes apart freight trains arriving from east or west, sorts out hundreds of cars daily, classifies each one, and sends them promptly on their way. Gavin also has car-repair and diesel-service facilities. It is also a busy reclassification center for less-than-carload freight and a terminal for piggyback operations. Photo shows William A. Bonebrake, yardmaster (left) and Louis V. Mork, yard clerk.

O. Winston Link

This picture was taken by O. Winston Link, 58 E. 34th St., New York City. "The problem of photgraphing the tower involved depth of focus," he says, "and regulating the exposure so that the outside would appear brighter than the inside but at the same time show interior details."

Mr. Link was described in the *Norfolk & Western Magazine* as "an expert industrial photgrapher with a civil engineering degree, a man loaded with ideas and imagination, a man still possessed by his boyhood love of steam trains." His LP recording, *Sounds of Steam Railroading,* made along the N&W and reviewed in our April '58 issue, is listed in *HI FI Guide and Yearbook* with "Standard Discs of '57." ●

ONE MAN'S OPINION. "It seems to me that *Railroad Magazine* is deteriorating," writes E. E. Humphrey, an attorney of Wauwatosa, Wis. "It is too factual, too technical. We miss the funny and adventurous true tales you used to publish. My mind goes back to the days when many unusual things happened in the roundhouses and switch shanties and out on the road—things not covered by the Book of Rules or the railroad company house organs but we did find them in *Railroad Magazine.* Is the absence of those tales due in part to the passing of oldtimers?"

Yes, Mr. Humphrey. The eclipse of the boomer, the hobo, the hump rider, and the Morse man, not to mention steam power, has taken much of the "color" out of railroading. But this magazine is dedicated to the preservation of old lore, as evidenced by "Dollar a Division" and "Restless Feet," as welll as the kind of progress you find in "Push-Button Yards." ●

EMBARRASSING. The gang chewing the fat in the Atlantic Coast Line depot at Clewiston, Fla., the other day included the old agent, Bill Parry; the operator, a freight-train crew, and "Frog". Smith, who reports what happened on that occasion:

"We were swapping yarns that would have curled the hair of Maywire Mac or Silent Slim Roach when the operator suddenly guffawed. 'What's eating you?' asked Perry. The operator replied, 'Dispatcher says to cut out the dirty stories and get the train out on time,' and he turned up the telephone loudspeaker. Unknown to us, our talk had been going out over the phone and was being heard in ACL stations all the way to Lakeland. As the loudspeaker went up it blasted a roar of laughter, some of it feminine." ●

GEORGE MILBURN based his "Dollar a Division" (page 28) on personal experience. Born in 1906 near the Katy tracks in Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), he learned the art of flipping freights at an early age, being "next of kin to the wayward wind."

"I was only 15 when I made my first hobo trip," he recalls, "riding a cattle train to Kansas City. A year later I rode a hog train as a non-paying passenger from Brookfield, Mo., to St. Louis. Then I began following the wheat harvest on side-door Pullmans. Started collecting authentic hobo ballads in 'Bughouse Square,' Chicago's hobo rendezvous.

"In 1926 I bummed my way to New York City and later hoboed through the Deep South. Reaching New Orleans, I shipped out as mess boy on a banana boat to Nicaragua. In 1929 the late H. L. Mencken began publishing stories of mine in *The American Mercury.* A year later my first book appeared,

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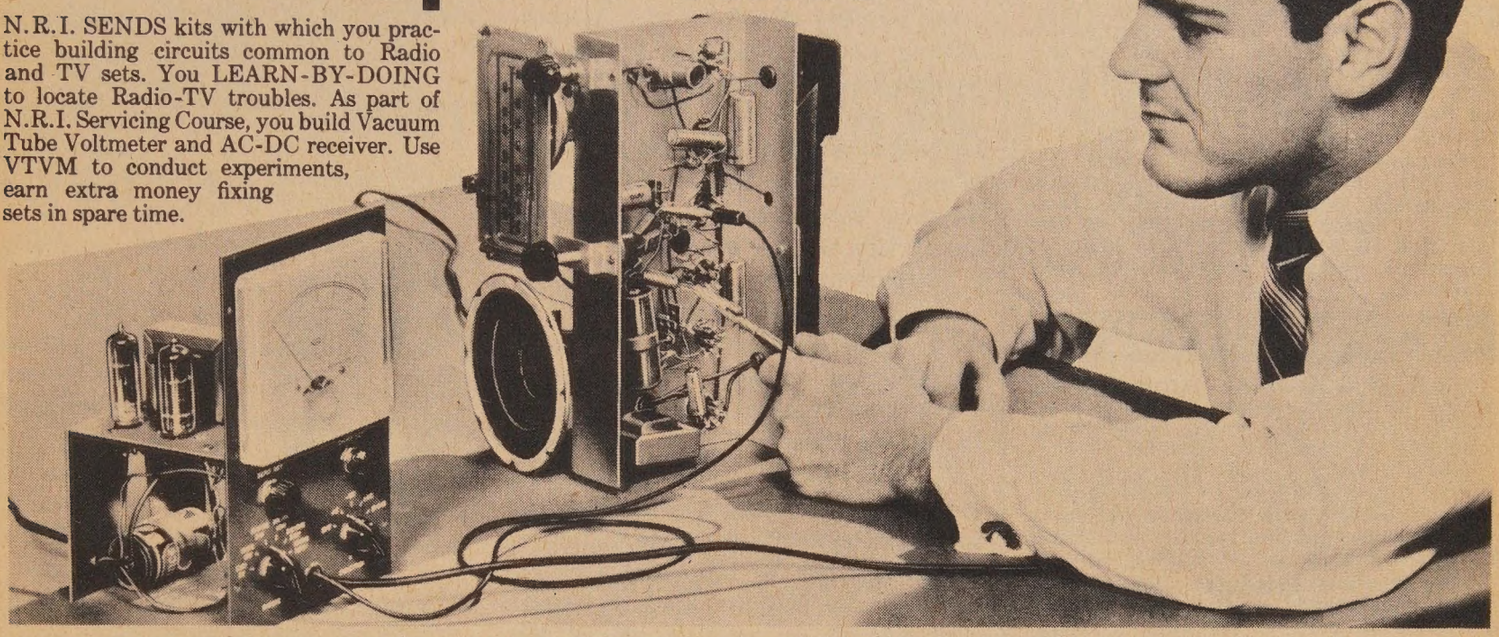
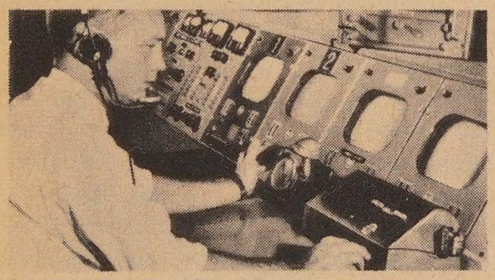
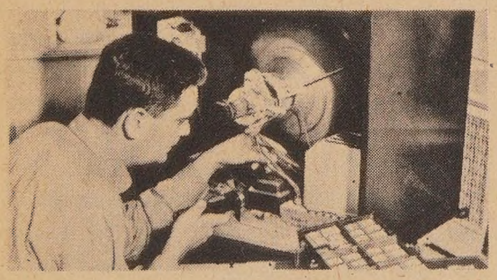




RADIO-TV BROADCASTING (see above) offers important positions as Operators and Technicians. RADIO-TV SERVICING Technicians (see below) needed in every community. Their services are respected, their skill appreciated.



Fast Growing Field Offers You Good Pay, Success, Bright Future

J. E. SMITH
Founder

Bigger than ever and still growing fast. That's why Radio-TV has special appeal to ambitious men not satisfied with their job and earnings. More than 4,000 Radio and TV stations. More than 150 million home and auto Radios, 40 million TV sets. Color TV promises added opportunities. For the trained man, there are good jobs, bright futures in Radio-TV Servicing or Broadcasting.

Training PLUS opportunity is the *ideal combination* for success. So plan *now* to get into Radio-TV. The technical man is looked up to. He does important work, gets good pay for it. Radio-Television offers that kind of work. NRI can supply training quickly, without expense of going away to school. Keep your job while training. You learn at home in your spare time. NRI is the OLDEST and LARGEST home study Radio-TV school. Its methods have proved successful for more than 40 years.

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Soon after enrolling, many NRI students start to earn $10, $15 a week in spare time fixing sets. Some pay for their training and enjoy extra luxuries this way. Some make enough to start their own Radio-TV shops. NRI training is *practical*—gets quick results. Easy to understand, well illustrated lessons teach you basic principles. And you LEARN-BY-DOING by practicing with kits of equipment which "bring to life" things you study.

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NRI has trained thousands for successful careers in Radio-TV. Study fast or slow—as you like. Diploma when you graduate. Mail coupon now. Paste it on a postcard or mail in envelope. ACTUAL LESSON FREE. Also 64 page catalog that shows opportunities, shows equipment you get. Cost of NRI courses low. Easy terms. **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 8JR4, Washington 16, D. C.**

N.R.I. TRAINED THESE MEN FOR SUCCESS

"I was repairing Radios by 10th lesson. Now have good TV job." M. R. LINDEMUTH, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Doing spare time repairs on Radio and TV. Soon servicing full time." CLYDE HIGGINS, Waltham, Mass.

"I had a successful Radio repair shop. Now I'm Engineer for WHPE." V.W.WORKMAN, High Point, N.C.

"There are a number of NRI graduates here. I can thank NRI for this job." JACK WAGNER, Lexington, N. C.

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City_____ Zone___ State_____

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MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Dysfunction. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of dysfunction occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such dysfunction causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Dysfunction. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Medical Clinic are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Medical Clinic is devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and new health in life.

EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here, Our Doctors who are experienced specialists, make a complete examination. Your condition is frankly explained to you with the cost of treatment you need. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary—a considerable saving in expense.

RECTAL COLON
Are often associated with Glandular Dysfunction. We can treat these for you at the same time.

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The Excelsior Medical Clinic has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write today. No obligation.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

the *Hobo's Hornbook,* a collection of hobo ballads. It is now out of print."

Since then, George has had many books published: *Oklahoma Town, No More Trumpets and Other Stories, The Human Beast, Hobos and Harlots,* etc., now available only in paper-backed reprint editions, some with titles changed. He lives at 31 W. 8th St., New York City. ●

ROBOT TRAINS. The world's "first completely automatic train engineer" is being developed at a Moscow railway center, according to Iosif I. Kuzmin, deputy premier of USSR. The project calls for keeping trains on schedule without a crew, he says, predicting it will be more efficient than the most experienced human engineer. Details are not yet available.

Experiments in operating trains by remote control have been made during the past two years on American, French, and German railroads. This comment comes from Engineer George B. Dutton, Jr., of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton: "It is not hard to imagine combining automatic speed-control, through present signal systems, with automatic acceleration, such as that now used on electric cars, and the kind of wheel-slip control currently employed on diesel locomotives, to make a fully automatic train—one that could run with nobody aboard and without even a remote-control operator."

The signaling and train-control equipment now in use could be adapted to start and stop trains at given points and to control their speed. "And using the features of automatic interlocking, train identification, and automatic dispatching," Mr. Dutton adds, "one could then set up automatic control of the signal system."

But even robot trains would need special mobile crews now and then for emergencies. A further possibility in automatic railroading is self-propelled freight cars. A study made by Massachusetts Institute of Technology envisions "freight cars equipped to think for themselves, each with its own computers as well as its own motive power." A punched card or magnetic tape fed into the computer at the start of a trip would guide the car to its destination.

Radar would maintain a safe interval between cars and would report constantly to the computer on atmospheric conditions, train resistance, and other factors affecting speed. When made up into trains, the cars would pool their power and the head unit would carry instructions for the group. Emergencies requiring a change in plan en route would be dealt with by means of radio instructions to the computers.

Before "self-thinking" freight cars can be operated, fundamental changes are necessary. Grade crossings would have to be eliminated, and tracks run below ground or through enclosures to avoid electronic interference. Then, too, labor-union rules and Federal regulations offer barriers to robot trains. Meanwhile, we'll be watching for data on Russia's robot engineer. ●

THE ONLY girl in the world named for a cat, so far as we know, is Chessie Bain Sprouse, daughter of a Chesapeake & Ohio trackman, Dallas Sprouse. She was born in the C&O Hospital at Clifton Forge, Va. Her mother, wondering about a name, noticed a wall-calendar picture of Chessie, symbol of C&O's "sleep like a kitten" overnight passenger service, and said:

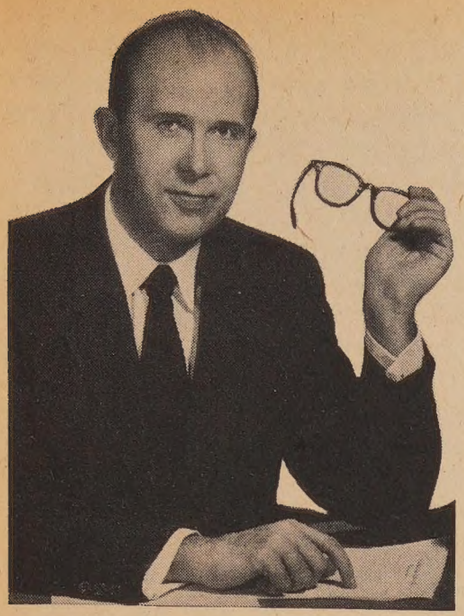
Chessie Sprouse

"Let's call her Chessie."

The father nodded happily. Chessie's first and only train ride was a trip home from the hospital. "I like trains," she says, "and when I grow up I am going to ride many trains." She likes cats, too, and has several of them. Chessie will be ten December 19th. Maybe some C&O fan will make a note of this date and send her a birthday card. The address is Augusta Springs, Va. ●

BALTIMORE & OHIO'S *Royal Blue,* one of America's most famous trains, which began operating in 1890, made its last run April 26, 1958, from Washington to Jersey City. The combined competition of private automobiles, buses, planes, and the Pennsylvania Railroad caused such a dwindling of B&O passengers over the route that the end was inevitable. Incidentally, the name *Royal Blue* was dropped in 1910 because the Pullman Co. insisted that all its cars be painted green, but in 1935 Pullman relented and the original name was resumed. ●

MEET Geraldine Yanta, stewardess nurse on the *North Coast Limited,* the third member of her family to work



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal life.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a complete command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate, *just fill out and send the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain a command of English quickly and easily at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-1010, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

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- ☐ **LAW:** Training in Law as a foundation for business or professional success. Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ **TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION:** Training for position as Motor Truck or Industrial Traffic Manager, Railroad; Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **CPA TRAINING:** Advanced training in preparation for the Uniform CPA examination.
- ☐ **BUSINESS MANAGEMENT:** Training for Managerial, Sales and Department Executive positions.
- ☐ **STENOTYPE:** Training for position as Stenographer, Secretary or Executive Secretary using Stenotype Machine.
- ☐ **STENOGRAPHIC-SECRETARIAL:** Training for position as Stenographer, Secretary or Executive Secretary using Gregg Shorthand System.

Name.....*Age*.....

Address.....

City, Zone & State.....

for Northern Pacific. "Jerry" is now living at 6425 34th N.W., Seattle, Wash. Her dad, retired, was a railway carpenter in the Como Shops, St. Paul, where her brother Herman is a cabinetmaker.

Geraldine Yanta

In 1956, less than a year after NP starter its stewardess-nurse program, Jerry began making the 4,638-mile round trip between Seattle and Chicago on her present job. Prior to that she took nurse's training at St. Cloud, Minn., coming home each weekend on a pass obtained by her father, and later served as a registered nurse in hospitals. This experience, plus a railroad background, fitted the girl for her status as one of the ten stewardess-nurses assigned to NP's streamliner fleet. Jerry has "talked shop" so much with the family that she finds it easy to answer most of the questions about railroading that passengers ask. ●

STEPHEN D. MAGUIRE, who is justice of the peace at Belmar, N. J., as well as editor of *Transit Topics*, has his name listed wrong deliberately in the local phone book. Why? Steve puts it this way: "Many people spell my name *McGuire*. They wouldn't think of looking up the right spelling in the book. I have two listings, *Maguire* and *McGuire*, so as not to miss any calls." ●

LETTING OFF STEAM. Many letters cannot be answered because the writers omit their addresses. Maybe they prefer it that way. Maybe they are always traveling, or live in jail, or suffer from amnesia. Some fellows don't even sign their names. Such modesty! For these reasons we have accumulated a huge pile of unsolicited manuscripts and photos that we can neither use nor return.

A cute little trick is to sign your letter in such a way that nobody can decipher it. This is frustrating. When we get such mail, if we answer it at all, we clip out the signature and the address in the writer's own scrawl, paste them on our reply envelope, and let the postman worry. Sometimes we guess at the autograph. If we happen to guess wrong, the reader is insulted to see his name misspelled.

Some folks type their letters with faded gray ribbons that would strain the eyes of an owl. Others steadfastly refuse to clean their typewriter keys as a matter of principle. One popular technique is to enclose a snapshot with nothing written on the back. Too often the message and photo become hopelessly separated, like mismated marriage partners. The picture turns up later with a blank on its back side and we don't know what to do with it.

The other day someone sent us a letter closely written in pale gray pencil on both sides of six large sheets of paper. We shot it right back unread, with a note saying: "Sorry, we can't read this letter without hurting our eyes." We like very much to get letters from readers, but not that kind.

Our best friends are those who write briefly. They realize that the editor of a nationally-circulated magazine must get a heap of mail to read and answer every day—which he does—and they are thoughtful enough not to waste his time and eyesight with long, involved essays. ●

A ROUNDHOUSE FIRE on the Belt Railway of Chicago badly damaged eight locomotives (Nos. 300, 302, 306, 404, 409, 410, 411, and 471) and other equipment shortly after our June issue went to press with the BRC roster, reports Charles Tomlin, 3218 W. 61st Pl., Chicago, the loss being estimated at nearly a million dollars. No. 300, which was being cannibalized for parts, and No. 302 were scrapped. Five were sent back to Alco to be rebuilt. The eighth, 471, is a GM job. The roundhouse was a relic of steam days. ●

BACK in 1910, when telegraph jobs were easy to get, L. P. Gillum, now of West Chicago, Ill., was booming around the country. He recalls: "The Iowa Central agent at London Mills, Ill., told me that the chief at Oskaloosa, Iowa, was looking for telegraphers. Well, I sat down at the key in his station, lined up a job, and was given a wire pass to Oskaloosa. But I never got there.

"At Abington, the second station west of London Mills, the conductor received a message to put me off. I was given a pass to Farmington, Ill., and told to report for duty on arrival. My job paid $42.50 a month, working from 6 a.m. to 5 p.b. seven days a week.

"For about four months I copied train orders there and billed coal. Then

(Continued on page 70)

Get into TELEVISION
RADIO-ELECTRONICS

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YOUR TRAINING IS ALL INCLUSIVE

We prepare you for a long list of job opportunities. Thousands of TV and Radio receivers are being sold every day—more than ever before. And, now, Color TV is here. Applications of Electronics in industry—AUTOMATION—are growing in tremendous strides. The whole field is alive—opening up new, important jobs rapidly. National Schools complete training program qualifies you in all phases of the industry.

YOU EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Many students pay for their entire training—and more—with spare time earning. We'll show you how you can, too! Early in your course you receive material that shows you how to earn extra money servicing TV and Radio receivers, appliances, etc., for friends and acquaintances.

YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU NEED

Clear, profusely illustrated lessons, shop-tested manuals, modern circuit diagrams, practical job projects—all the valuable equipment shown above—many other materials and services—consultation privilege with our qualified staff, and Graduate Employment Service. EVERYTHING YOU NEED for outstanding success in Electronics.

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If you wish to take your training in our Resident School at Los Angeles, the world's TV capital, start NOW in our big, modern Shops, Labs and Radio-TV Studios. Here you work with latest Electronic equipment — professionally installed — finest, most complete facilities offered by any school. Expert, friendly instructors. Personal attention. Graduate Employment Service. Help in finding home near school — and part time job while you learn. Check box in coupon for full information.

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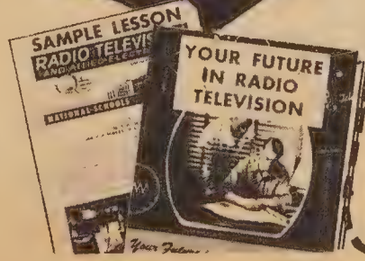

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VETERANS: Give date of Discharge _____

If Railroads did not exist—the U. S. would have to invent them!

From a recent editorial in the Canton (Ohio) REPOSITORY

SUPPOSE that everybody in the United States were to learn for the first time about a marvelous method of transportation called a railroad.

The idea would be sensational.

High-speed tractors running on steel rails laid on privately-owned rights-of-way, with minimum curves and grades, would be capable of pulling long processions of trailers full of merchandise. Imagine!

Trains of trailers would be kept rolling day in and day out until they reached their destinations. They would be shuttled into and out of vast marshaling yards, where the trailers would be grouped in the right combinations. Of all things!

Everything connected with the procedure, moreover, would be subject to taxation. It would be expected to pay for itself. What a switch that would be!

The high-speed tractors on their twin ribbons of steel could even haul human beings, in addition to freight. If necessary, the human beings could be bedded down and hauled from one place to another in special cars with comfortable seats and all the comforts of home.

It would be an absolutely revolutionary idea — railroading. Provided it had just been invented, that is.

All the progressives and the folks who try to lend a helping hand to get new ideas off the ground would be 100 per cent for it.

All the politicians and administrators would be 100 per cent for it.

As for the militarists and hard-headed security planners, they would be 150 per cent for it, because it would represent a mode of transportation more dependable for long-haul movement of heavy cargo than anything ever dreamed of heretofore.

The whole country would welcome the useful stranger with open arms and be alert for opportunities to give it a boost.

Cities and counties would tumble over one another to build things for it and to make free land available for its terminals.

Politicians would get into higher mathematics to subsidize it with financial gimmicks.

Nothing would be too good for the railroads if the idea of transporting things on steel rails were brand new. . . .

All railroads want is a chance to be as good as they know how to be if they are unshackled — set free from regulations that were designed to curb them when they were new and threatening to abuse a monopoly in high-speed, straight-line transportation.

Railroads should be born again.

That is what would have to happen if they went out of existence.

If they did not exist, the United States would have to invent them. . . .

Association of American Railroads

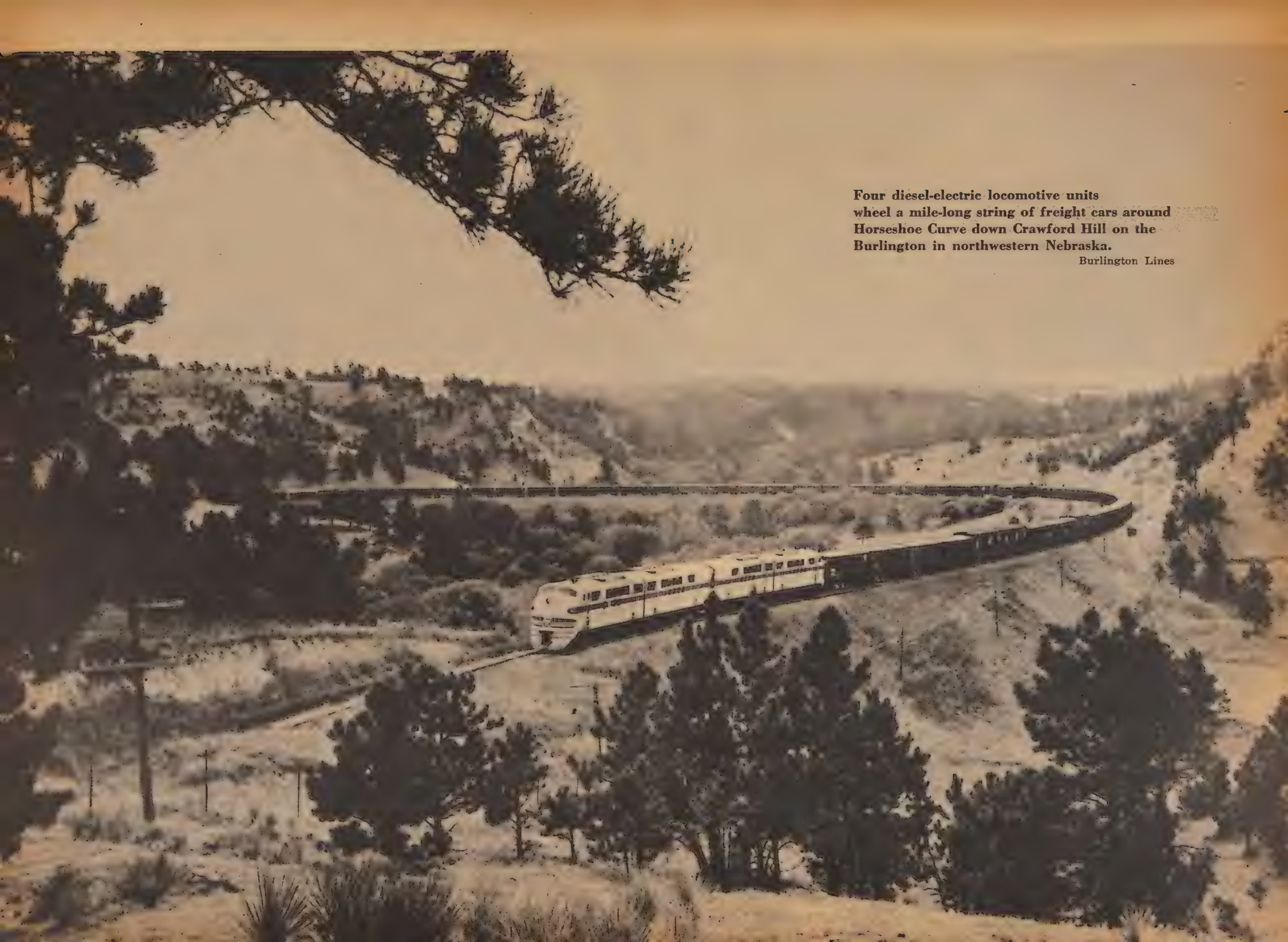
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Photos of the Month

You had to be good at "ticing 'em down" to work narrow-gage trains through Marshall Pass on old Denver & Rio Grande.

A sight you will never see again: Reading Class T-1 locomotive taking coal at Gordon, Pa., enginehouse. Note the marker lamps on her pilot beam.

Aaron G. Fryer, 6001 Drexel Rd., Philadelphia, Pa.



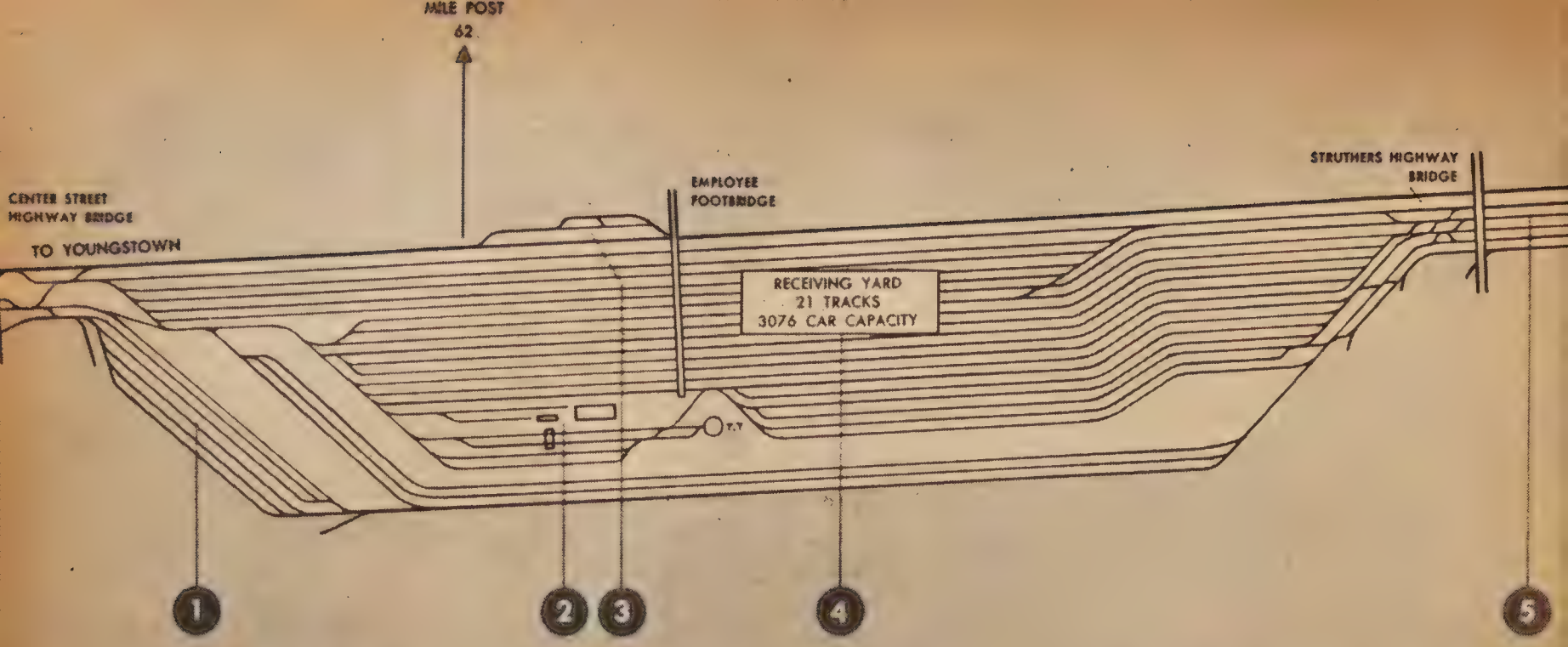
Four diesel-electric locomotive units wheel a mile-long string of freight cars around Horseshoe Curve down Crawford Hill on the Burlington in northwestern Nebraska.

Burlington Lines

Steam still rules single-tracked line. Canadian National mixed train, southbound with ten-wheeler 1532 from Southampton to Palmerston, Ont., stops at beautiful Dunkeld.

Don Wood, 29 Mt. Haven Drive, Livingston, N. J.

Smoke over Sherman Hill in 1947. Union Pacific train 3, with 17 passenger cars doubleheaded by Nos. 7032 and 821, was making 40 miles per hour near Sherman, Wyoming.
Richard H. Kindig, 3831 Perry St., Denver, Colo.



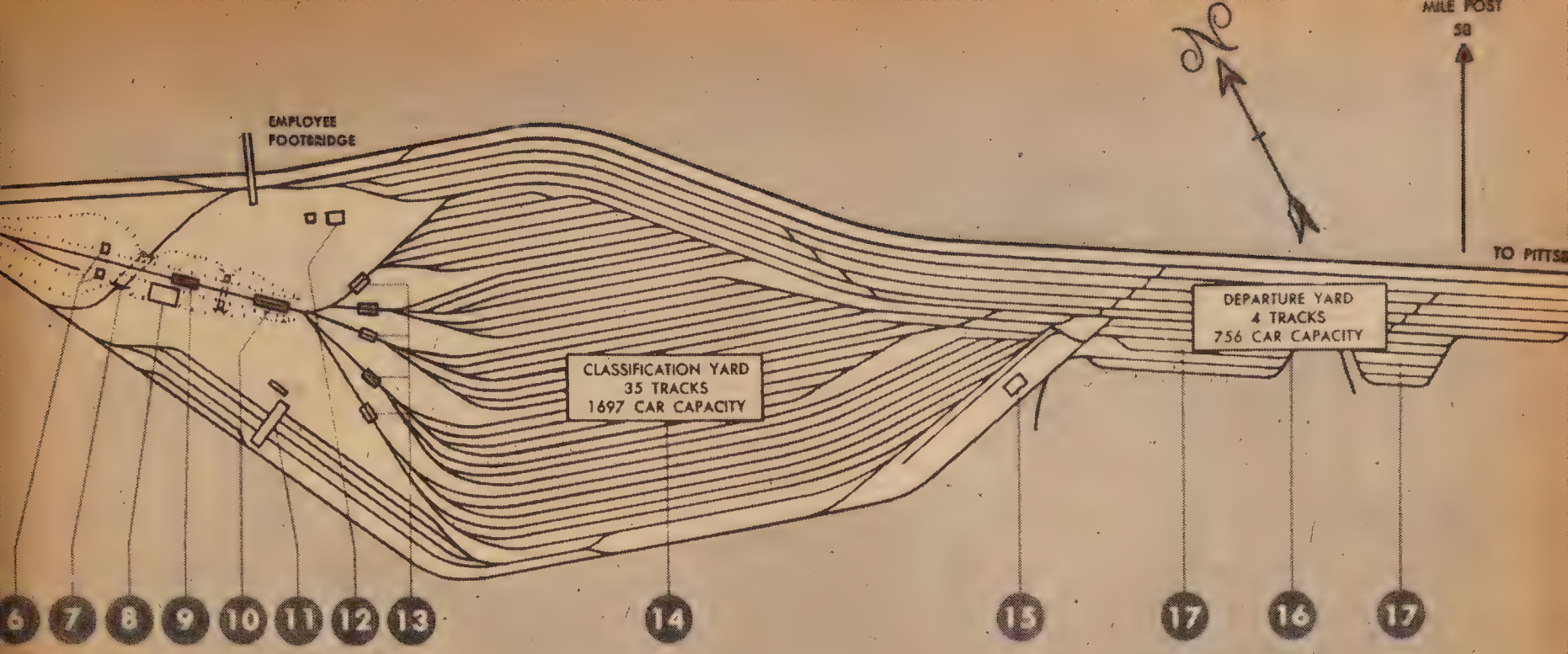
1. Interchange with B&O R.R.
2. Diesel Servicing Facilities.
3. Caboose Tracks.
4. Receiving Yard.
5. Hump Lead Tracks.
6. Inspection Pits and Tower.
7. Hump and Underpass.
8. General Yard Office.
9. Motion Weighing Track Scale.

Gateway Yard

The Electronic Age Comes to the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie

Cars going to hump are inspected for defects from above and below simultaneously.

Walking underneath the safety slogan at the concrete tunnel entrance to the newest push-button yard is Freeman Hubbard, editor, representing *Railroad Magazine* at yard's official opening May 1.



10. Master Retarder.
11. Car Repair Facilities—3 tracks—93 car capacity.
12. Retarder Tower.
13. Group Retarders.
14. Classification Yard.
15. Departure Yard Office.
16. Departure Yard.
17. Auxiliary Tracks for Local and Industrial Service—10 Tracks—226 car capacity.

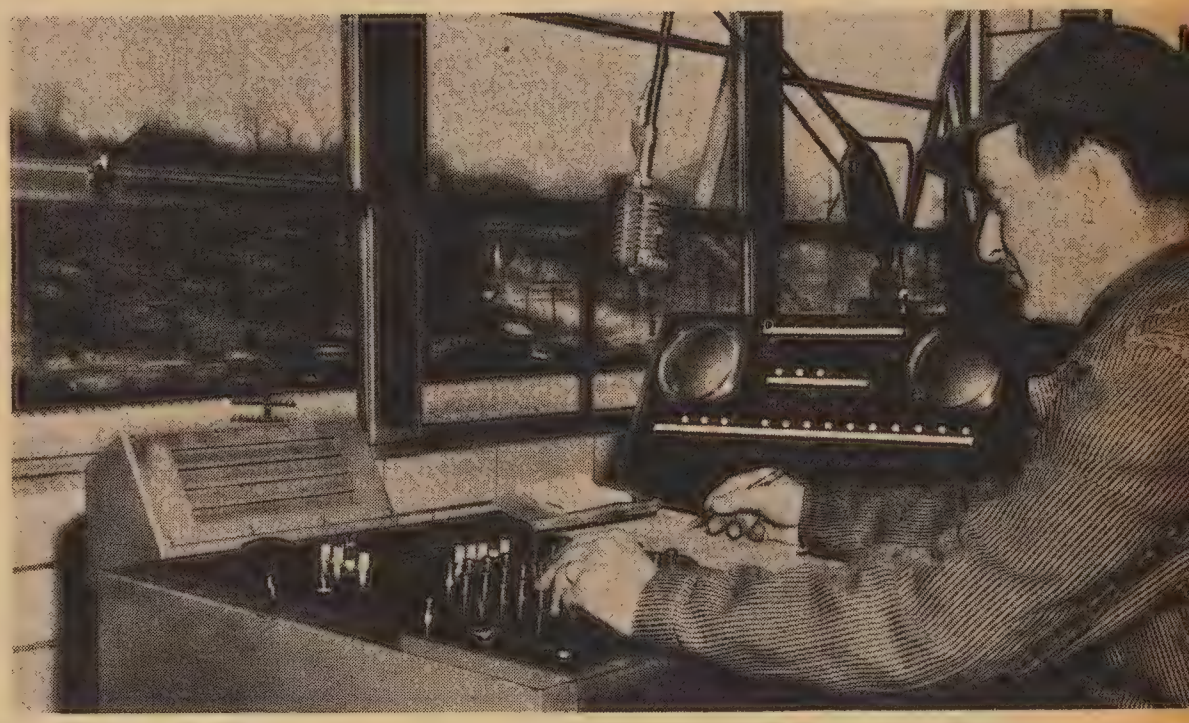
SOME of the oldtime hump riders, those adventurers who stood atop freight cars as they rolled dangerously downgrade into the classification tracks, must have dreamed of safe and efficient yards in a far-off land beyond the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

Those men should see the new Gateway Yard, a push-button development on the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad at Youngstown, Ohio, heart of the steel industry. It's quite impressive. This "garden" is more than five miles long. It covers about 200 acres between a river and a great industrial center, replacing several smaller yards.

Dedicating the Gateway on May 1, the P&LE joined its parent company, the New York Central, in providing not only the steel plants but shippers in general with faster and better service. This it does by shortening the time required to move a freight car through the Youngstown terminal.

"Gateway Yard," says P&LE's president, John W. Barriger, "is as modern as the Electronic Age, a symbol of the railroading that is to come."

With 35 classification tracks capable of holding 1697 cars, plus automatic receiving and departure yards, it can move cars day and night, even in fog or snow, at the steady rate of four a minute, 2700 in 24 hours! Such yards are helping America to beat the recession. The nation owes as much to its electronic yardmen as it did to the hump riders who made history.



Hump conductor presses a button on his electric switching panel to send a car rolling to a specific track in the 35-track classification yard. (Below) Group retarder assures feather-touch coupling to this three-car unit coming off the hump.

PUSH-BUTTON YARDS

The Hump Rider Is Fast Disappearing as Electronics Cut in Half the Time It Takes to Classify a Freight Car

by **PETER JOSSERAND**
TRAIN DISPATCHER, WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

First yard to embody General Railway Signal's automatic switch control is Canadian Pacific's St. Luc Yard, Montreal. Canadian Pacific Railway

THE OLD BOOMER, "Big Joe" Moenning, looked up from his work report in a shanty in the Chesapeake & Ohio's fine modern Stevens Yard in Kentucky, serving the Cincinnati area, and adjusted his dark-rimmed glasses, and said:

"Today's kids have it too soft."

Joe began life on his own, many years ago, by running away from home. He rode boxcars, camped in hobo jungles, worked at railroading and other jobs, and is now a C&O yard conductor. His comment on the present generation refers to the sheltered life, TV shows and Jaguar cars, the multiplicity of gadgets, and *de luxe* freight yards where you sit on your can at air-conditioned ease, push a button now and then, and call it a day's work. That's okay for old fellows, he thinks, but not for youngsters.

"A boy ought to get out and boom around," he says, "see the world."

At sixty-eight, Joe is a home guard. He doesn't mind relaxing once in a while. In fact, he has reached the age where he welcomes short cuts, and for that reason he likes push-button yards, even though the "kids" who work them may be "too soft."

For the best part of a century, yards were the bottleneck in freight traffic. It took the Electronic Age to create a major rise in operating efficiency. A writer for *Business Week* has designated railyards as necessary evils "that don't earn a dollar." I disagree with him. Yards blessed with automation save a lot of time, which is another way of saying they earn money.

More and more yards are being modernized. The old-fashioned ones slow down the railroad production lines, the speed in getting trains over the road. Ben W. Heineman put it neatly. Ben is chairman of the board on the Chicago & North Western.

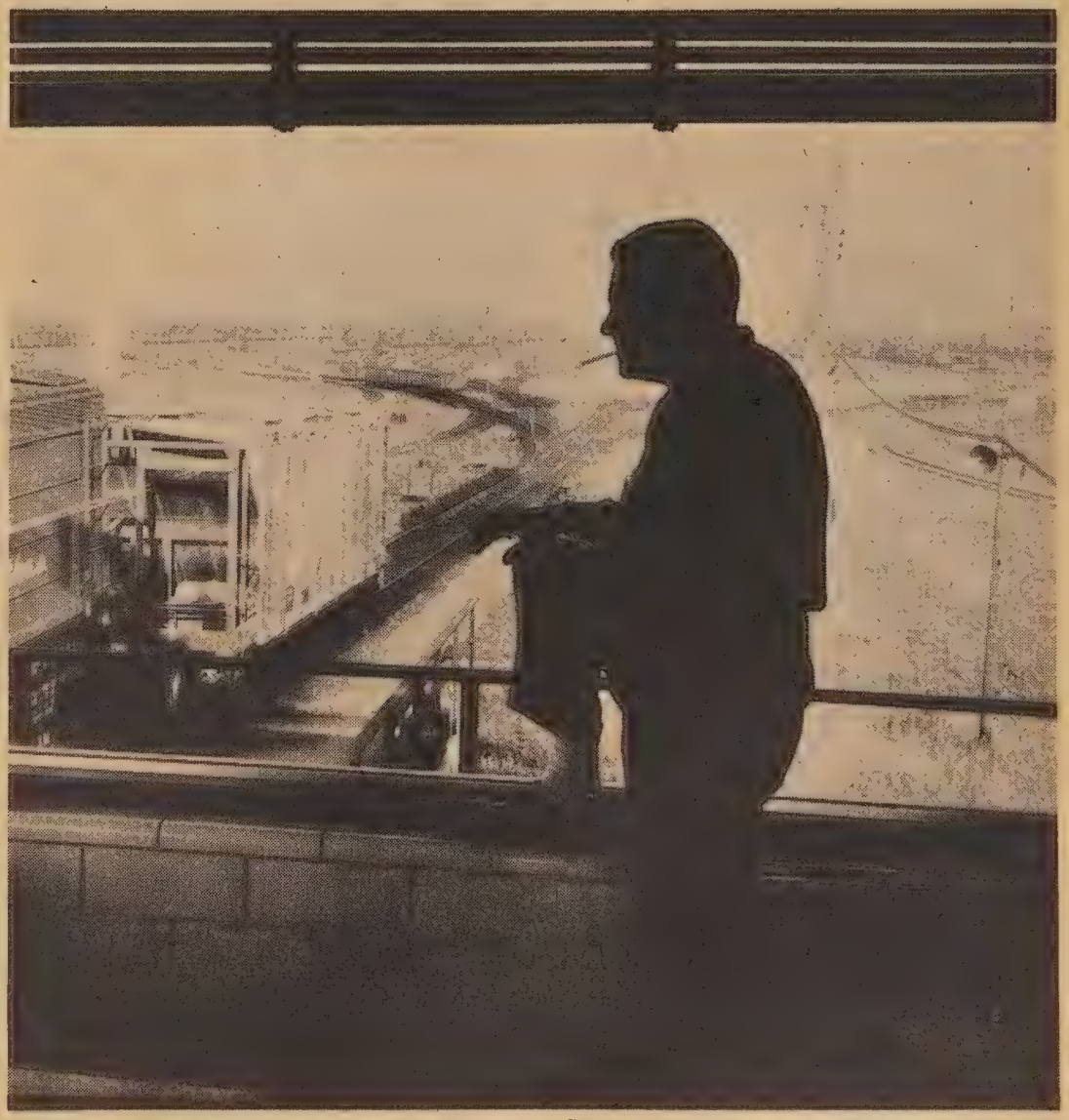
"There is no point to running the wheels off a train," he said, "to have it sit in a yard all day."

The Book of Rules describes a yard as "A system of tracks within defined limits, provided for the making up of trains, storing of cars and other purposes over which movements not authorized by timetable, or by train order, may be made subject to prescribed signals and rules, or special instructions."

Between yard limit signs, which may be miles apart, you find many tracks which serve in the "other purposes" category, such as industry tracks, team tracks, transfer tracks for interchanging cars with connecting lines, repair or "rip" tracks, and tracks on which power moves to and from trains. There are receiving yards, departure yards, and storage yards for cars awaiting unloading and for empties held for prospective loading, and tracks to ice docks where perishable shipments are iced. But the heart of the electronic setup is the automatic classification yard.

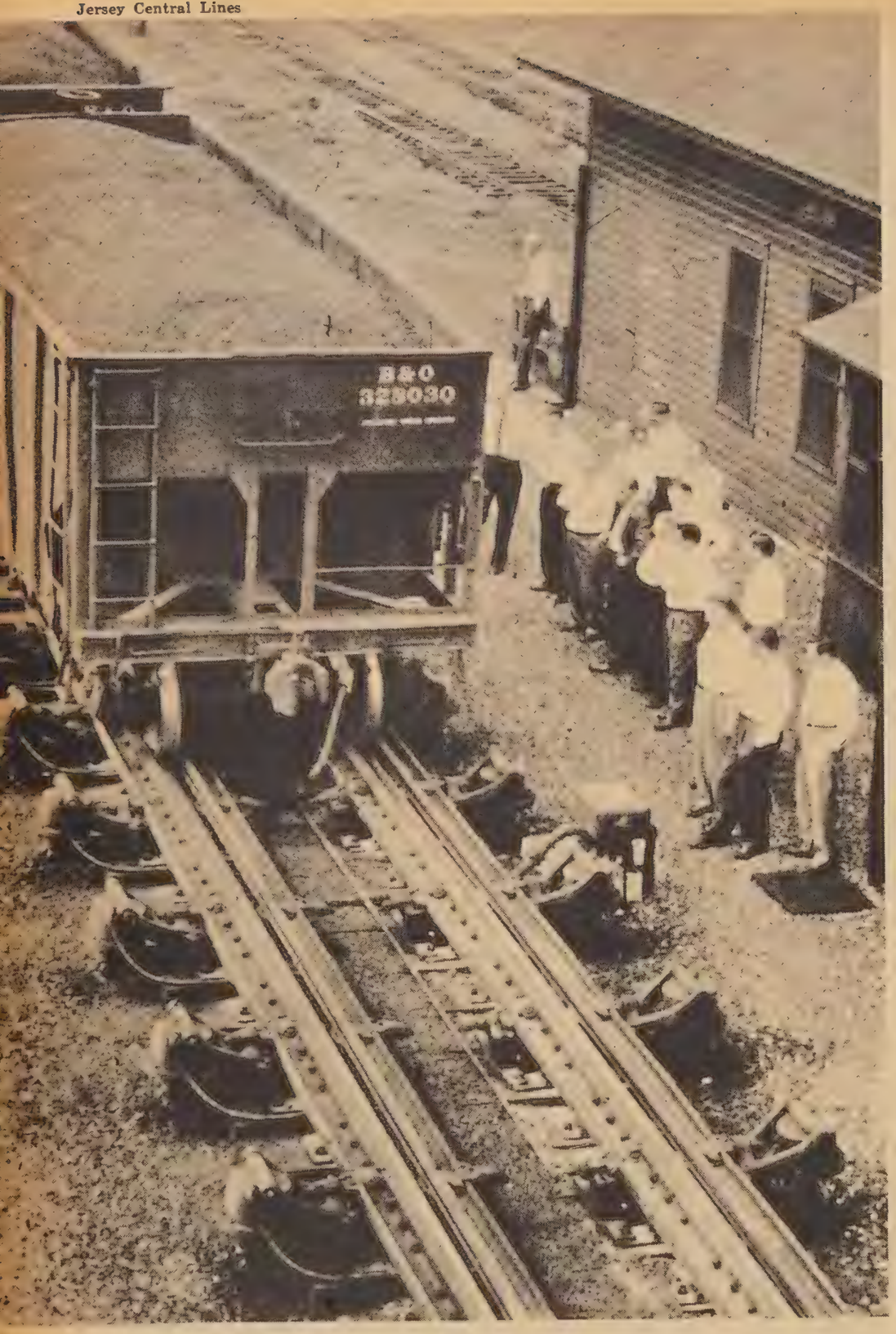
Cuts of freight cars for delivery to industries must be lined up so as to avoid unnecessary switching in congested areas—that is, the head car to set out at the first industry track, and so on. Likewise, trains must be lined up in station order, or blocked. If sufficient tonnage were available to build solid trains for movement, say from San Francisco to New York City, railroading would be simple, but such trains are very rare.

Most railroad freight originates in less-than-carload lots. The Pennsylvania, which serves 2,400 cities and towns in thirteen states and the District of Columbia and which boasts of having the world's largest freight-classification yard, Conway, moves a mighty freight volume of which 75 percent comes to the road as LCL.



Silhouette in retarder tower, Milwaukee Road electronic yard, Bensenville, Ill.

Jersey Central Lines



Humping operation, showing retarders, in Jersey Central yard at Allentown, Pa.

TRAINS handling cars for intermediate points usually pick up where they make setouts. Thus they become scrambled and must be reblocked at some yard. This sorting of freight cars is comparable to passenger traffic—except, of course, that human beings move to and from the railroad station by various means of their own. If a railroad had to drag its passengers from their homes, sort them into groups by destinations, and then load them on trains in station order, the job would be staggering. Such a problem exists in yards, all of which can be classified roughly as either "flat" or "hump."

Very few "flat" yards are truly flat. This was the first type to be built and is regarded today as old-fashioned. Here, switch engines shunt the cars into the different tracks, some of which offer more resistance than others because of slight grades, curvature, and so on.

Switchmen become experts at judging the rollability of cars and the right amount of power to apply for a "feather-touch" coupling. But, as Big Joe Moenning could testify, you face a lot of freakish circumstances. For instance, the Western Pacific yard at Oakland, Calif., is built on a fill running up to the water's edge, since cars must be ferried across the Bay to San Francisco. This yard actually floats, changing its gradient with the tides. At low tide, a car kicked into a track will roll "to hell and gone," while the same kick at high tide would scarcely move it away from the cut.

The human element enters largely into flat-yard switching, depending upon the judgment of the engine foreman and the hogger's reflexes. At best, there is some rough handling because the constant stopping and starting causes slack action. Damage to freight and equipment is no small item.

In many yards, even today, there are too few tracks on which to spread cars, and several different classes of rolling stock have to be sluffed into a single track. When making up the next train, the sluff track must be rolled and switched again to get the wanted cars. Thus many cars are handled half a dozen times before being finally disposed of.

Usually a hump yard has enough tracks to permit classification in a single movement. Where slack action forbids the handling of long cuts in the flat yard, an entire train may be put over the hump in one continuous operation. As the cars pass over, they take off by gravity with practically no jar at all. Even in these days of automation there are still a few yards using hump riders, men who ride the car tops and set hand brakes to regulate the speed. This is hazardous work. Sometimes a brake club slips and the hump rider tumbles off.

I recall a yard in the Midwest that was downgrade, not only to the end of the "garden," but for five miles

further. When a cut got away from a rider, as happened in a tragic case I remember, it would run through switches and take out down the main track. This cut collided with the rear of a train standing five miles from the yard. The caboose and several cars were demolished.

Reminds me of the classic story told about an old boomer switchman who walked up to the hogger and shouted casually: "Send me another car! That one went into the river."

THE DEVELOPMENT of retarders to control the speed of cars entering the classification tracks improved the hump-yard situation. This cut man-power costs—and employment—by eliminating riders. The manually-controlled retarders, however, left much to be desired in the way of reducing collision damage. The expert judgment of the retarder operator as to speed and rollability proved to be something less than precise. When that judgment wasn't expert, the results were terrible. Still are.

Installation of power switches prevented a lot of back sprains at the same time it speeded the work, but it required additional towers. The typical yard having 40 to 48 classification tracks, where power switches and retarders are controlled manually, needs three towers and nine operators, as compared with the automatic switch and retarder yard, which has but one. The difference in wages is about $368,000 per year.

In one hump-yard operated by switch tenders and riders, handling about 1,064 cars a day westbound and 1,317 eastbound, the average yard times per car were 10.9 hours westbound and 15 hours eastbound. Figuring the saving in time accomplished by the electronic yard at 50 percent, a conservative figure, the savings in *per diem* alone (11.5 cents an hour per car), would amount to some $600,000 annually. The Southern Railway, which has such a yard, found that the overall savings would pay 85 percent of the investment in the electronic yard the first year.

As a comparison between manual and automatic switch and retarder

Roy D. Graves, 1201 Moraga St., San Francisco, Calif.

Changing patterns in railroad architecture: (Top photo) Southern Pacific yard office at Suisin, Calif., a relic of the days when locomotive stacks were tall and boomers roamed the land. (Lower) New tower in Shreveport, La., yard, operated jointly by the Cotton Belt and the Texas & New Orleans, typifies the modern spirit.

St. Louis Southwestern Railway Lines

control, in one 50-track classification yard the carrier launched a three-year campaign to lessen collision damage. At the end of that time the results were unsatisfactory. In the third year, 980 cars required repairs to couplers, train lines, bulged sides or ends, damaged doors, or cars knocked off center. In the fourth year, this was reduced to 789 cars, but the management decided to install automatic control for switches and retarders in order to reduce the total still further.

Obviously, accidents which damage cars also damage freight. In 1956, the railroads of America paid $125,953,776 in claims to shippers. Not all of this loss was due to rough switching but a big percentage was.

Generally speaking, the yards throughout the nation prior to World War II were pretty much the same as they had been for generations. They had been built for an age of steam power and relatively short trains. Meanwhile, cities had grown up around them, choking them off from expanding their antiquated layouts. Even to continue their existence with any degree of efficiency, the ever-swelling tide of automobiles and trucks had to be moved either over or under the yards.

But that is only one of the problems. In places where yards have not been hemmed in and there is acreage for expansion, the transition to the modern yard is hampered by the necessity of making the switch-over while keeping traffic moving through them. The push-button yard does not lend itself readily to piecemeal installation. A road paying for its improvements out of earnings is handicapped by rising costs of labor and equipment.

The painless method would be to build an entirely new yard all at one time. The cost of an electronic yard is not justified unless it is located at a point where heavy traffic keep it busy.

For instance, the Pennsylvania's $34 million Conway Yard, near Pittsburgh, Pa., sits astride the carrier's midriff. It is really two hump yards, back to back, capable of classifying 9,000 cars per day. The Pennsy figures that this yard speeds up traffic by as much as 24 hours and will pay for itself in less than four years, as well as make Pennsy service more competitive.

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S $11.5 million Frontier Yard near Buffalo, N. Y., replaces eight outmoded yards in that area and is calculated to save shippers 225,000 car-days per year and reduce operating costs sharply. They have since built two other electronic yards: one at Elkhart, Ind., named for the late Robert Young, which they say cuts the terminal-handling time at Chicago by two-thirds, and the Gateway Yard on the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad at Youngstown, Ohio.

A yard must be isolated from the main line—but connected with it—in such a way that there will be no interference by, or to, the through trains. Real estate prices and availability leave little choice as to terrain.

Inbound and outbound train yards must be so flat that hand brakes are unnecessary to hold cars. The gradient of the departure yard must not exceed 80 percent of the ruling grade for departing trains, otherwise, a tonnage train has to be shoved out of the yard. The descending grade of the hump must be such as to accelerate the hardest-rolling car, i.e., an empty flat car, giving it sufficient speed to enter any classification track and make a proper coupling, or from three to four miles per hour. The classification tracks must have a gradient that will neither accelerate nor decelerate a car, the current standard being .12 percent grade.

In building their completely new 682-acre St. Luc Yard near Montreal, the Canadian Pacific used five work trains for more than two years and moved a total of 1,600,000 cubic yards of material. This was the first yard on the continent to embody General Railway Signal Company's automatic switch control.

The Canadian roads were in the forefront of yard modernization, pioneering many of the now commonly-accepted features. The Canadian National's $17 million hump-retarder classification yard at Moncton, New Brunswick, at the time of completion was regarded as the most modern in design of any in North America.

The evolution of equipment has been swift. Each new yard finds new features that speed work and cut operating costs.

Englewood Yard at Houston, Texas, on the Texas & Louisiana Lines of the Southern Pacific, was the first one equipped with radar-activated car braking equipment. Which recalls nostalgic memories of the days when I worked there as an operator, and my later promotion to dispatcher at Houston. The lines radiate from Englewood like spokes of a wheel, and you needed a lot of know-how to keep the yard fluid.

Our night yardmaster, a big bruiser known as "Bull," hit the bottle so often that he was fired for violating Rule G, but when the yard got plugged they reluctantly hired him back to unscramble it. Bull was not a desk man. I never saw him in anything but overalls and a jumper, and he bellowed like a bull—didn't need squawkers.

It is hard to imagine such a fellow seated high in a glassed-in, air-conditioned tower surrounded by radio, TV, telephones, inductive trainphone, teletype, pneumatic tubes, squawkers, and the like.

In those days yards were lighted dimly at night, pierced only by headlights and the dancing hay-burner lanters. Only a man who has worked in such a yard knows the terror of hearing a car rolling and being unable to see it. Sometimes you didn't know if you were standing between two tracks or between the rails of the track on which the car was moving. Floodlights, among other things, have made a real contribution to safety and efficiency.

Most trains arriving at Englewood Yard have to be broken up, for their consists go in every direction, some to connecting lines or local industries. Whereas it once took eight hours to thresh out a hundred-car train, the hump now does it in one hour or so, often cutting the total shipping time in half.

THE STORY is much the same all over the country. Such yards eliminate a vast amount of switching formerly done at other points. Freight shipments can be "shot-gunned" into these super-yards, where cars are classified with the greatest speed and safety and the least damage to ladings and equipment.

In some yards, such as the Louisville & Nashville's $11.5 million Hills Park facilities at Atlanta, Ga., the switch list is punched on the teletype for transmission to other parts of the yard, where needed, and at the same time a perforated tape is cut. This tape, when fed into a convertor, sets up all the routes in the humping

process. It saves a lot of effort.

Another advance feature of Hills Park is signal control via audio frequencies superimposed upon radio frequency, giving four channels. Two of these are assigned to the hump foreman for controlling the hump and trimmer engines; the other two to the yardmaster for controlling other engines. In the hump engine, cab signals duplicate those of the wayside signal, such as: Green—hump fast. Yellow—hump slow. Lunar White—back up. Red—stop. The same signals are duplicated in the yardmaster's office and retarder tower.

Having seen what the electronic yard does, let's take a closer look at how it does it. The layout is such that trains may come and trains may go but the humping goes on forever. This applies also to yard engines other than the hump engine. They must work without interfering with arriving or departing trains.

As a train enters the receiving yard, it is checked by a yard clerk who may transmit his data to the yardoffice by walkie-talkie. Or the clerk in the office may check from a closed-circuit television screen. Or the clerk may read the information direct from the cars into a recorder.

Next, the waybills must be gotten to the point where the recording has

Inside a modern yard office such as this one on the Chesapeake & Ohio at Russell, Ky., you see a bank of teletype machines. Data on freight cars is fed into these machines to C&O's car-location-information center at Huntington, W. Va., thus enabling the center to tell a shipper or consignee exactly where his carload of freight is at any time. This improves service.

At the Pennsylvania's Conway Yard, the most gargantuan of all freight yards, we see a man known as a scanner reading the numbers of incoming cars into a tape recorder, giving the exact consist of trains, while an alert and attractive girl in yard headquarters, miles away, transcribes these recordings to speed the preparation of the switching lists. It is really quite simple.
Pennsylvania Railroad

been done, so as to make up the switch list. This may be transmitted via teletype to the hump foreman or by pneumatic tube, but it must be available by the time the train has been pulled into position for humping, where automation takes over.

The train is shoved toward the hump crest. Inspectors sit beneath, above, or beside the track, instead of their having to walk the full length of the train. There are also dragging-equipment detectors and wheel checkers.

When a defect is noted, this fact is transmitted at once to the hump foreman, who routes the car to a repair track.

REPAIR tracks are worthy of mention. For example, the Illinois Central setup at Markam Yard, Chicago, has 14 repair tracks spread over 12 acres and employs more than 200 men. It boasts the latest mechanized equipment. Hundreds of cars are repaired there daily.

The hump foreman controls the movement by signal indication, cab and otherwise, supplemented by radio. Neither snow or rain nor fog interfere with the humping. Fog can tie up an ordinary yard. I have known it so thick that you couldn't see a headlight, much less a lantern signal, three car-lengths away.

The descending grades of humps vary from three to six percent and give average car speeds at the master retarder of from ten to fifteen miles per hour. Where the hump foreman lines the routes, he does so by punching a single button for a given route. The "codes," or impulses which cause the switches to move, can be stored up so that as soon as the first car clears the route of the second, the switches are lined automatically.

Before the cars leave the hump crest, journal-box lids are lifted so that oil can be squirted into each box as it passes over the mechanical oiler. Cars rolling down the hump are classified as to light, medium, or heavy. Rollability is figured by the speed they pick up, as measured by radar beams. These factors are fed into the electronic brain which transmits the proper impulse to the master retarders to produce the right braking pressure.

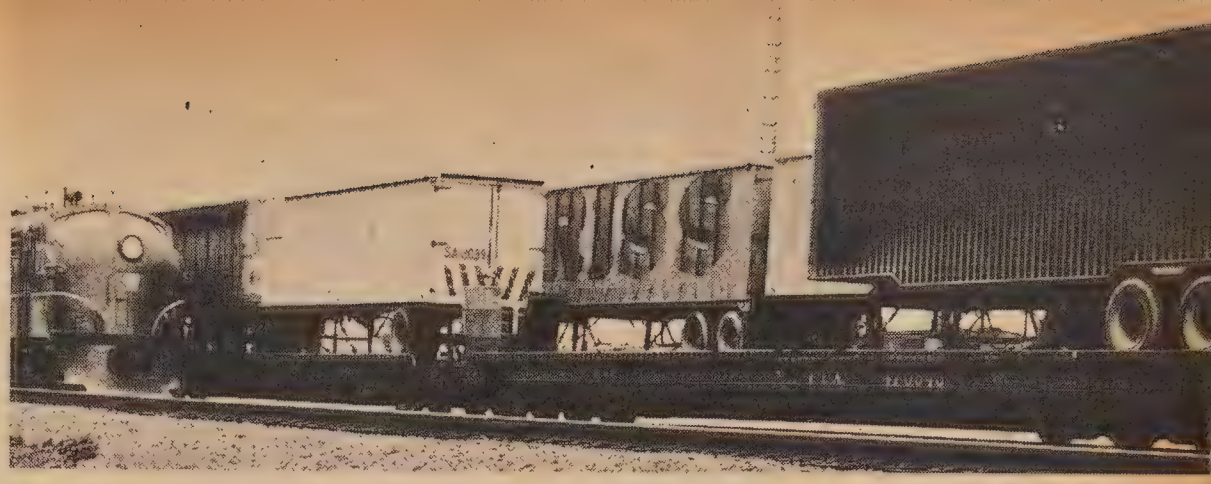
Both wind and temperature affect a car's movement. Therefore, the retarder monitor adjusts the mechanism to these factors, thus altering the pressure of retarders.

Those cars to be weighed, either loaded or light, are routed over a scale track. There a second retarder reduces their speed so that each one is scale-borne not less than four seconds, enough to activate the scale

mechanism. It is a neat operation.

As the cars approach the group retarders, speed is reduced further so that they will not be traveling more than four miles per hour at the time a coupling is made. The angle at which the trucks of the car are turned as it reaches tangent track has a bearing on its rollability.

The distance a car has to travel down the classification track before making a coupling is important. Various devices make this data available to all concerned.

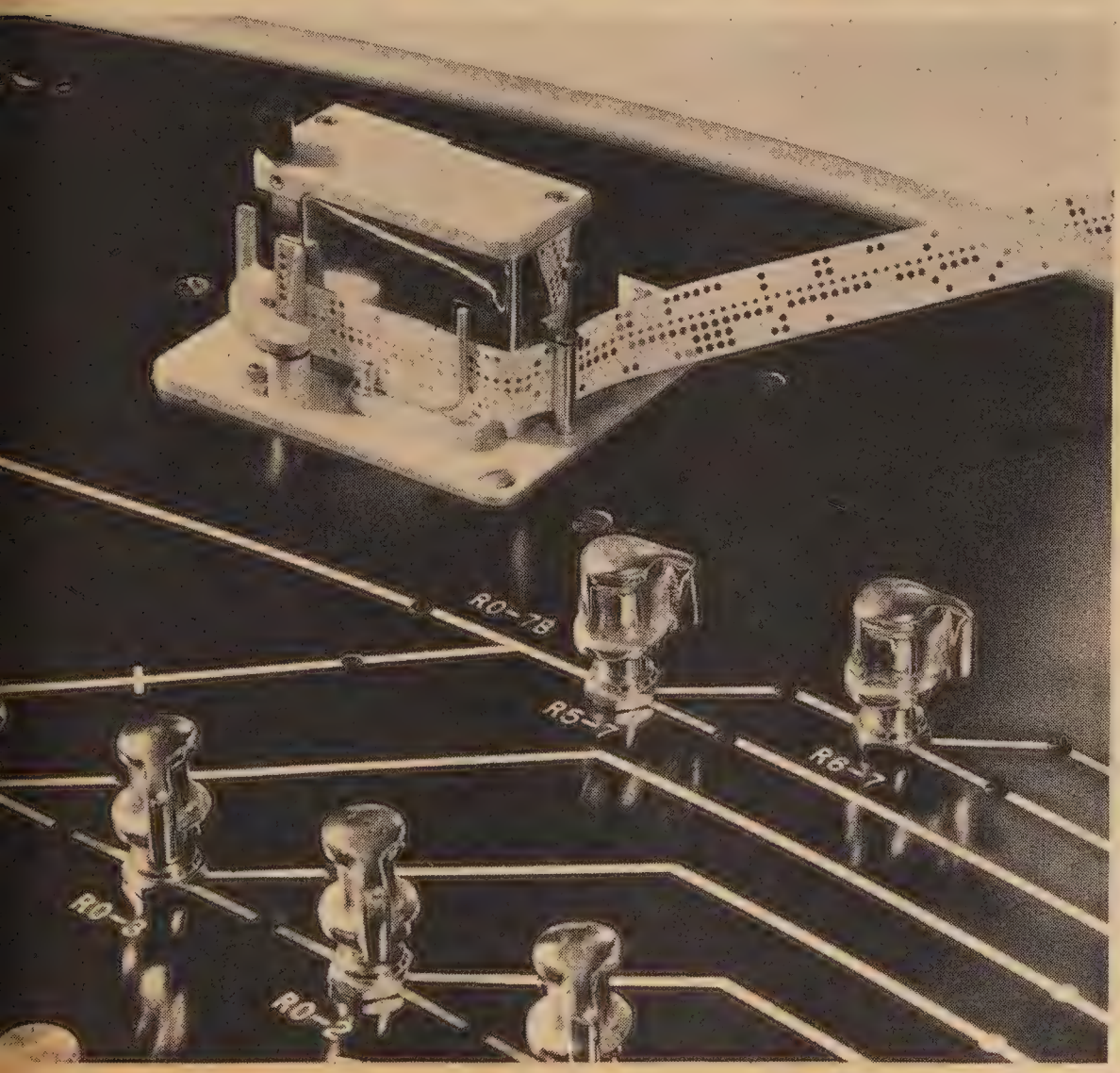


Relay yard at Conway, showing TrucTrains. Through trains change crews here.

IN HUMPING, freak conditions may baffle even the electronic brain. Therefore, a trimmer engine is held on a spur, available at quick notice. When needed, a foreman stops the humping movement. The signals are interlocked so that the movement of the trimmer engine cannot be authorized until the route is cleared. As soon as cars have been shoved in the clear and couplings made, or whatever the condition straightened out, the trimmer engine moves back onto its spur and the humping is resumed.

In the making up of trains the classified cars are pulled from the lower end of the classification tracks, doubled together if necessary, and a caboose is put on in the outboard train yard, not interfering with the humping operation at any time.

Heart of the electronic classification system in new yards such as the Hills Park freight terminal of the Louisville & Nashville near Atlanta, Ga., is a tape recorder. Utilizing perforated tape on which switching data has been coded, this device permits the automatic lining up of routes for all cars that move into the yard.



Louisville & Nashville Railroad

This, in brief, is the push-button yard. It promises to become even more complex in the future, with resultant savings in time and money. For example, a new device called Railweight permits the weighing of entire trains in a continuous movement without the necessity of cutting cars loose at each end. The cars are simply pulled over the scales at two miles per hour.

In contrast to the weigh-rail used in the electronic yard, which may be as long as 100 feet, Railweight employs a weigh-rail of only twelve and one-half feet, weighing one end of the car at a time, the weight on the two trucks being added to get the total.

A miniature hump in advance of the scale is the secret of this system. The drawbars are aligned by moving sharply upward, then downward, so as to prevent the transference of weight from one car to another. Various types of IBM punching or tape-printing can be used in connection with the process. It is claimed the cost of scaling cars is thereby cut from $10 to $2.

Tests with Railweight have been made in the Monon's flat yard at Hammond, Ind., where the accuracy of weights obtained have been found well within the required two-tenths of one percent tolerance.

The future of push-button railyards holds many such miracle gadgets. There is no doubt that electronics will bring into being undreamed-of devices for doing things better, at less cost, and more quickly. These developments may make life too soft for the kids, as Big Joe Moenning says, but even he will agree that they speed freight a helluva lot faster.

DOLLAR A DIVISION

Western Roads Used to Welcome the Now-Vanishing Hobo Because His Seasonal Work Helped to Create Profitable Freight Traffic for Them, and He Lived Adventurously With Toil and Fun, Sex and Sadness

by GEORGE MILBURN

MANY MEAN THINGS are said about hobos, especially by railroad policemen, but when I first hit the iron pike thirty-three years ago the *harvest stiffs*, as we were called, were welcome to ride side door Pullman on Western lines free of charge because we made it possible for the railroads to haul a maximum of paid traffic in seasonal crops.

From June till October each year we rode the rust from Texas to North Dakota and sometimes on up into Saskatchewan, making the wheat harvests. It was hard work, of course, following the reaper and binder up and down the endlessly long fields,

stacking the golden grain for the threshing gang, or helping to operate one of the huge machines that threshed fourteen and a half bushels of wheat per acre and filled your eyes and lungs with powdery straw when the wind was blowing your way.

During my wanderings it was rare indeed for a train crew to put the bite on us. But once in a while we had to fork up. The "dollar a division" slogan was taken seriously by chiseling brakemen and a few cinder dicks. If any conductor, engineer, or fireman lowered himself to the extent of collecting 'bo money, word of it escaped me. The slogan meant simply that for each division point on the road, which averaged about 100 miles apart, the trainmen would exact a buck from the boxcar tourist. If you didn't shell out, you'd be kicked off the train, sometimes into a gully or a muddy creek twenty miles from the nearest town.

My experience that first season, in 1925, softened me up for a subsequent encounter with the "dollar a division" shakedown. It was a mild October afternoon. Autumn foliage fringed the right-of-way. I glommed a rattler at Joplin on the Kansas City Southern en route to New Orleans. For a while I dozed the miles away. Then the empty I was riding developed a flat wheel that threatened to jar the gizzard out of me, so I unloaded at the Westville car shops on the Oklahoma-Arkansas state line. While I was scouting around for better accommodations, an amiable-looking young brakeman strolled up to me and said:

"That ride'll cost you one dollar."

The hell it will! I thought. Although I had nearly ten dollars distributed judiciously about my person, it was against my code as a hobo to pay petty graft, and so I told him:

"Sorry, brother. I don't have a nickel."

The shack grinned and gave me a friendly slap on the back. "I've heard some rumble about guys busting boxcar seals on this road," he said, "and I advise you to ride the deck so as to avoid the cinder dicks. They're swarming all over the place right now and they're mighty hostile. If you're out on top you can see them before they get too close."

A basic lesson in hoboing which I hadn't learned yet was the importance of keeping out of sight. It would soon be impressed on me that the open-air navigators, or deck and gondola riders, embarrassed decent trainmen and made things tough for the discreet non-paying passengers.

The sun and wind were gentle that afternoon and the scenery beckoned. I accepted the brakeman's invitation and climbed to the top just as the freight started to roll again. For a few hours and more miles everything was copasetic, with me making myself scarce at such stops as Sallisaw, Poteau, Heavener, and Mena. Once or twice the shack would wink broadly as if to reassure me. I began to regard him as a buddy. Just north of DeQueen I saw him decorating the tops and he yelled: "Come here, kid!"

I thought he wanted me to help him set brakes or something. The train was counting ties through a deep cut. I got up off my belly, where I had been stretched out on the catwalk soaking up the autumnal glory of the Ouchita Mountains.

Then I noticed that he held a brake sap in one hand and as I walked up to him, swaying with the train, I kept an eye on it. Still smiling, my buddy suddenly feinted with his right. When I ducked, he whacked me with his left and I sailed ignominously off that car, flat as a tie plate.

Luckily, the shoulder of the cut was almost on a level with the car tops. Maybe he had chosen the place purposely so I wouldn't get killed, but to this day I have a nightmarish memory of his face, contorted with hate, screaming: "Teach you not to hold out on me!"

NOW, after all those years, I can accept many differences in viewpoint but I cannot agree with the argument that trainmen who "rustled the bums" were tapping a legitimate means of income. I still say they were no more honest or courageous than some little sneak who taps his employer's till. The late and great Haywire Mac, who had been a boomer shack himself, once confessed: "It was against the rules. It was against the law. It was against the precepts of humanity and brotherly love to collect 'bo money. So we all collected 'bo money. I certainly got my share of it. In my boomer days I worked all over the West during the construction period when a vast army of casual laborers were drifting from job to job and every freight train was loaded with blanket stiffs and their dingy bedrolls."

Harry Kemp, who won fame as a poet as well as a hobo, often rode the freights. Here is one of his poems, "Side-door Pullman:"

We got too confident, and had to sing;
We sang above the boxcars' rumbling noise,

For there was one of us who had a voice;
The rest of us could just keep up a tune;
And fools have always got to have their fling—
Especially when they're carefree, and it's June.

Then suddenly we lumbered through a town
And found no time to bring our voices down.
The station master pantomimed the news
To the boys in the little red caboose:
One empty had a bunch of bums inside;
They danced and shouted, and the door was wide!
Those shacks were sore, because they'd let us ride.
Bums have no sense; they never take a break
No give one, either; it was our mistake!

We hit the grit while hearty brake sticks flew;
They were too many, or we were too few.
(Which is a lie, for we were three to one;
But waltzing to a brake stick is no fun.)
We lost that freight. It ambled on through June.
We let it go. We picked the cinders out
Of shin and elbow, while we loafed about,
Knowing that there would be a local soon.
Bums should lie low and keep their voices down,
Especially when riding through a town.

Incidentally, a hobo should never be confused with a tramp, a bum, or a yegg. The classic definition was given by the late Dr. Ben L. Reitman, a wanderer who was acclaimed "King of the Hoboes" because he had spent twenty years on the road.

"There are three types of the *genus vagrant,*" he told me, "the hobo, the tramp, and the bum. The hobo works and wanders, the tramp dreams and wanders, and the bum drinks and wanders."

THE STRICT meaning of *hobo* is migratory worker, either skilled or unskilled, or jack-of-all-trades, who works at seasonal jobs or on construction projects. It is similar to the word *boomer,* except that boomers as we knew them were invariably railroad men.

Many a boomer shack understood this relationship. Often, in my own experience, a brakeman would go out of his way to warn me against a division point infested by hostile bulls and sometimes would help me duck them. In general, the cinder dick was despised as much by regular trainmen as he was hated by the hobo. Even town sheriffs held him in low esteem, and usually would pack an arrested hobo off on the next freight out. I am not sure that this was a proper attitude, because the railroad policeman had a job to do just as the hobo had.

Unhappily, the flatfoot was sometimes a criminal type himself, with no scruples about robbing a hobo of his whole harvest wages. (Hobos dreaded criminal tramps as much as the railroads did. Hijackers sometimes held up harvest stiffs and knocked them off moving trains without mercy.) Too often some callow road kid would get a roughing-up from the railroad police while the tough old yeggs sat back defiant and unmolested.

Such an incident is recalled by "Shorty" Merritt, who later became a home guard welder in Nebraska. "When I was riding a freight on the Asheville Division of the Southern Railway near Old Fort, North Carolina," he said, "two bad bulls chased me over eighty reefers until they caught up with me and locked me in an icebox. But I managed to work the pin out of a door and got back on the car roofs again. Seeing me, the bulls opened fire. All of their bullets missed, but I decided then to journey afoot for a spell."

From the railroad policeman's point of view, that was "Mission accomplished." The hoboes, from their own point of view and despite their ragged exteriors, had a certain dignity and often were endowed richly with imagination as well as being adventurous. Seated around a jungle fire at night or in the bull pen of a county jail, they would concoct fantastic yarns of the type that a boomer shack named "Silent Slim" Roach made famous in the pages of *Railroad Magazine.* This kind of gabbing was known as "cutting up touches" and the listeners usually took it seriously.

Sometimes I think the hobo did himself a disservice when he shot the breeze so much, because the "slice of life" fiction writers from Jack London to Jim Tully have depicted him as burly, bad, and bold. At the same time such cartoonists as F. Opper, who originated "Happy Hooligan," and A. B. Frost, and Nat Wills on the stage, all the way through to that great circus clown, Emmett Kelly, have created a popular portrait of the hobo as a wistful comic character.

Neither portrait fits the kind of life I used to know. I question whether any real hobo ever beat his way on the railroad by some of the methods described in fiction. For example, I don't know of any hobo who stole a ride in a locomotive tender up to his neck in water, as Jim Tully relates with incredible detail, although a locomotive fireman named Jack McGowan is alleged to have ridden that way through a blazing Minnesota forest in 1894.

Speaking of flames, some lone pyromaniac *may* have been stupid enough to set fire to the boxcar in which he was riding, but in my thousands of miles of free travel I never ran across proof of such a case. If a bum had tried it, just to get warm, other occupants of the car would have beaten him up.

MUCH hobo lore is rollicking, even sexy, and much is mournful. Here is the widely known "Wabash Cannon Ball," authorship unknown:

We hear the merry jingle,
The rumble and the roar,
As she dashes through the woodland
And comes creeping on the shore.
We hear the engine's whistle
And the merry hobos' call,
As we ride the rods and brakebeams
On the Wabash Cannon Ball.

This train she runs to Quincy,
Monroe and Mexico,
She runs to Kansas City,
And she's never running slow.
She runs right into Denver
And makes an awful squall;
When you see her show say,
"Welcome,"
For the Wabash Cannon Ball.

Now here's to "Long Slim" Perkins,
May his name forever stand;
He'll be honored and respected
By the hobos through the land;
And when his days are ended
And the curtains 'round him fall
We'll ship him off to Lucifer
By the Wabash Cannon Ball.

A roamer with literary pretensions was L. R. Livingston, who used the monicker "A No. 1." This famous tramp boasted of having traveled a total of 500,000 miles for a mere $7.61. He wrote paperbacked books purporting to describe tramp life. These were sold a generation ago at railroad depots and by news butchers aboard trains.

In one of them he told of riding the roof of a dining car on a transcontinental limited and of having the chef pass *table d'hote* meals up to him through the ventilator hatch. I doubt that such a thing ever happened or could have happened, but it makes a breezy tale. Such tales are the fabric of the hobo folklore that is related solemnly around jungle fires. I have heard the following many times, with various frills:

A hobo unloads from a drag freight on the Wabash—or any other pike—and knocks at the back door of a mansion with a brownstone front. It being the servants' day off, the lady of the house answers the knock herself. She invites our handsome hooligan into her gleaming white kitchen and sets him down to a tasty spread. After bending a sympathetic ear to his tale of woe, she confides that her husband is a high-salaried railroad company official and has a closet full of $100 suits going to waste.

"If you will just go upstairs and take a shower," she says, "I will give you a complete new outfit."

Well, he goes to the bathroom for a shower, leaving his ragged old duds outside the door. The gracious lady gathers up the rags and stuffs them into the incinerator. When the hooligan emerges from his shower in the master's bathrobe, as fresh as a daisy, there follows a romantic episode which is usually good for some time in the telling. Finally, our hostess gives him a new suit and a five-dollar bill—or maybe ten, the amount varies—and ushers him out of the back door with this admonition:

"Don't ever come around here again! My husband would shoot you, and if he doesn't, I will."

The hobo, having a fine sense of propriety, hops an outbound freight in his new garb and is never again seen in that vicinity.

It is typical of the wanderer's wishful thinking that many of his recitals involve women, although female hobos used to be rare indeed. Which reminds me that one afternoon while I was strolling along West Madison Street in Chicago in the late 1920's, I met an old 'bo of my acquaintance, goggle-eyed with excitement.

"George," he boasted. "I have clocked up eight thousand miles since I seen you last and guess what I seen?"

"What?" I asked.

"A woman beating her way on boxcars just like men. Yes, sir, you may not believe it but I actually met a female hobo."

This remark indicates how unusual such a sight was at that time. A few years later, in the depression of the 1930's, you could have seen many Boxcar Berthas, as they were called, along with the Weary Willies, but most of the gals were two-bit hustlers on short hauls and could not be classified as true hobos. The strict requirements of hoboing makes it essentially a male profession. I have heard it said that during the depression some few unscrupulous trainmen, instead of collecting a "dollar a division" from female hobos, would exact the kind of payment that only a woman can give, but you can't prove it by me.

Next to amorous adventures, real or mythical, their favorite topic of conversation was food. Their mulligan stew has long been associated in the public mind with "jungle" camps under the railroad bridge or beside the track. It consists of *hoppins* (any and all vegetables that can be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen), together with meat acquired the same way, or maybe *gumps* (chickens) or other fowl, the whole savory mess being cooked outdoors.

THE STORY of the "million-dollar mulligan" has long been accepted as authentic hobo lore. In boomer days, an unemployed switchman or brakeman who was broke was not too proud to stop at a hobo jungle to eat, sleep, wash up, or merely stick around between trains. Such a character was Charles B. Chrysler, an oldtimer. Charley wandered into a jungle some distance from the rail center of San Bernardino.

"Howzit for camping and cutting in on the mulligan?" he asked.

The answer came from "Rhode Island Red," a philosophical 'bo:

"The law of compensation says you can't take somethin' out unless you put somethin' in. I didn't make the law, but I enforce it. You can stay here as long as you like; but if you want to eat, you'll have to hustle some hoppins. See that tar kettle there? It holds any kind of food you want to put into it. Right now it holds hot water, but tonight I'm takin' a detail of men out to fill it. Now, here's the layout . . ."

Red explained there was a carload of live chickens on a sidetrack by the depot in town. All kinds. Big ones, tall ones, fat ones, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, all in crates. A whole express-car full. A score of volunteers would sneak out of the jungle at night, go down to the depot, and grab as many crates as they could get away with. Some crates held only a pair of chickens; others had six or eight. The plan was for each 'bo to pick out a crate containing a large number of chickens.

"If you fail," he warned, "don't come back to the jungle and expect to eat. If your conscience bothers you, you needn't trail along."

We'll let Charley finish the story in his own words: "The denizens of the hobo camp moved with trained precision. Each grabbed a pen of squawkin' chickens, four men luggin' the big crates, one or two luggin' each of the small ones.

"The raiders solemnly toted their loot down to the river bank near the jungle and held sacrificial rites. Then they dumped the slaughtered fowl back into the crates, took them to the campfire, and scalded them in the tar kettle. One squad neatly picked off the feathers, another degutted and cut up the poultry, a third buried the feathers and refuse. Each job was handled efficiently.

"After that, all hands went back to the stream and washed up in cold water. Finally, after cleanin' the great kettle, we plopped the chickens into it. Then we broke up the crates to feed the roarin' flames. By that time the midnight prowlin' detail had returned with paper bags full of cabbage, potatoes, onions, chili peppers, tomatoes, and parsley. Somebody even brought along a bag of salt. At one in the mornin' our mulligan started to simmer. By sunrise it was prime. And we were famished!

"Later, there was hell to pay at San Bernardino. It seems that a lot of pedigreed chickens had been stolen from an express car. The loss was terrific. These haughty birds were rare breedin' stock. But by the time railroad bulls reached our camp there was no trace of them, and most of the men had scattered."

AS I SAID, much hobo lore has sad undertone. A ditty entitled "The Railroad Bum" ends with:

My pocketbook is empty;
My heart is full of pain,
A thousand miles away from home.
I'll grab that next freight train.

Another one, "The Dying Hobo," sets the scene "Beside a Western water tank one cold November day" and ends on a cynical note:

The hobo stopped, his head fell back;
He'd sung his last refrain.
His pardner swiped his hat and shoes
And jumped the eastbound train.

Here is a stanza from "Hobo Bill's Last Ride," written by a man named O'Reilley:

Outside, the rain was falling
On that lonely boxcar door
But the little form of Hobo Bill
Lay still upon the floor.
As the train sped through the darkness
And the raging storm outside
No one knew that Hobo Bill
Was taking his last ride.

Almost thirty years ago I wrote in a published magazine article:

Both tramps and hobos are anachronisms bound for extinction. It does not take a particularly astute observer to see the imminent doom of the hobos, the migratory workers. A presage of it is found in the Middle Western wheat harvest, for years the summer stomping ground of hobo hordes. As the harvest has become more mechanized the employment of hobos has decreased, and for two years now, like the buffalo herds before them, the hobos have failed to come through.

Although my crystal ball was somewhat clouded—inasmuch as the depression brought droves of Weary Willies back to the rails again—it is quite true that increased mechanization plus technological gains in railroad operation sealed the doom of the hobo just as they brought about the end of the boomer.

Those giant machines known as wheat "combines" have reduced the need for manpower in the harvest to such an extent that the hobo is no longer an important factor in American life. On top of that the Association of American Railroad tells me:

"The increased speeds of freight trains between terminal points, the use of diesel motive power, and the elimination of stops which steam locomotives made at watering and coaling stations also have have had some effect on reducing the number of hobos riding freight trains."

Of course the sodden bums encountered on city streets nowadays, mooching dimes for a lethal drink known as "Sneaky Pete," have no relation to the traditional hobo. Many of these winos have never even ridden a freight train. It takes steady nerves and dexterity to do that.

Some of the old railroads who once reviled the hobo as a tramp or a bum, are beginning to respect his place in history. Not long ago *The Milwaukee Magazine* said editorially:

There was a time when hobos, otherwise known as the migratory unemployed, rode freight trains from one terminal to another, many of them conscientiously in search of work in the harvest fields or anywhere. They gave the railroads very little trouble—except for an occasional hospital case or one for the coroner. Usually, in either event, it was for the railroad police officers to determine if the cause was accidental or if the transient was the victim of a holdup man in the guise of a fellow traveler . . .

Bona fide hobos seldom caused trouble for railroad police. Phony hobos riding under cover, however, did frequently rob boxcars at coaling and watering stations and at meeting points in single track territories. Genuine hobos actually aided the railroad in clearing up many thefts . . .

As for the hobo, he has all but disappeared into railroading's past, but those who knew him best remember him as a pretty good guy.

Belated though the tribute is, that last phrase may well serve as an epitaph for the vanishing hobo. "Dollar a division" belongs to the lore of universal steam-locomotive days that will never come again. ●

Photos from American-Swedish News Exchange, New York City

Unique trolley cars are used in new system for replacing wooden ties with concrete on the Swedish State Railways.

Concrete Ties and *Hula-Hula* Cars

by Holger Lundbergh

OF INTEREST to track maintenance men everywhere is SJ 101, a new system for replacing wooden crossties with long-lasting concrete sleepers, invented by Tord Fogelberg, an engineer of the Swedish State Railways, and developed by ten years of tests.

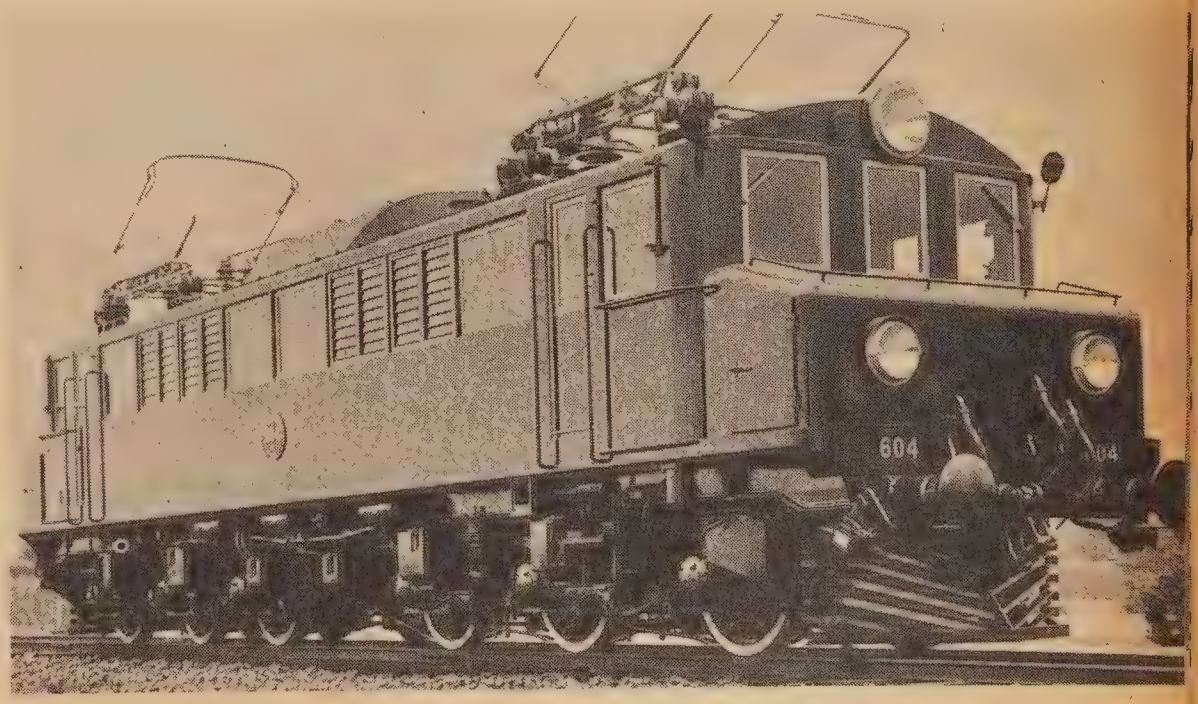
The changeover is made quickly and easily, providing a durable roadbed over which trains run more smoothly. Within two hours a gang of five men can install a 130-foot section of rails with concrete sleepers weighing totally 16 tons. This they do with devices especially designed for lifting and hauling.

They lift hydraulically 50-foot sections of wooden-tie-based rails with concrete sleepers. A provisional working rail is placed directly on the ground to serve as a track for the operation of trolleys known as *hula-hula* cars because their serpentine movement reminds you of Hawaiian dancing girls. This shimmy facilitates the taking of curves—track curves, of course.

Hydraulic equipment lifts the new section above the *hula-hulas*. Then the cars and provisional track are removed, after which the rails and sleepers are lowered into place. Now the change is completed, except for closing the press-button springs that attach the sleepers firmly to the rail base. Before closing, a rubber mat is applied to a slit in the sleeper so as to give further resilience to the buttoning. The job is finished with a hydraulic closing machine.

Fogelberg sleepers differ from other concrete rail supports in that they are not monolithic. Each pair consists of two loaf-shaped pieces connected by an iron tube. This design, plus the elasticity of the connecting button system, makes the use of frequent joints unnecessary.

For long distances, rail-lengths up to 400 feet are preferred. The soft-soldering of joints by a patented process assists in the smooth running of trains. The new system is considered so superior to the traditional one used by the Swedish State Railways that Swedish technicians predict it will revolutionize their maintenance methods on "hot" track. Its economy also is a factor. ●



New concrete sleepers improve the roadbed for this Swedish electric locomotive.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Because of her smoke cloud, you might think Union Pacific No. 1419 was a steamer instead of a diesel with two booster units. She was rolling westward through Wyoming when engine trouble developed. We see her "coming in on a unit and a prayer."
Art Stenvsvad, 811 E. Third St., North Platte, Neb.

1 (*a*) *Is the Denver & Rio Grande Western narrow-gage line between Silverton and Durango still operating?* (*b*) *Is it America's only narrow-gage common carrier?* (*c*) *What is the percentage of total mileage of standard gage roads in this country?*

(a) Yes, daily. On Sept. 7 it goes on tri-weekly schedule (every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday). Last year it carried about 25,000 passengers. (b) Yes. (c) 99.8.

2 (*a*) *Does the Pennsy own the Norfolk & Western and* (*b*) *the Hudson & Manhattan?*

(a) No. It holds about 60 percent of N&W preferred stock plus nearly 43 percent common stock and is responsible for N&W's swing toward dieselization. (b) No, but the Pennsy does have a large financial interest in the H&M and is responsible for H&M operation between Journal Square and Newark, N. J. In addition, it owns all of the Long Island's capital stock, a controlling interest in the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, and more than 26 percent of the Lehigh Valley's capital stock.

3 *Why wasn't the Hudson* (*4-6-4*)

ASK BARBARA: **Railroad questions are answered here every issue by our research expert—as many as space permits. Top priority is given to subjects that seem to be of wide general interest. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. No replies will be sent by mail.**

type locomotive used extensively in freight service?

Like the Atlantic type, but unlike the Pacific, the 4-6-4 was designed for fast passenger runs. One reason it was rarely used on freight is because the roads owned Pacifics with smaller drivers which were more suitable for pulling merchandise. However, many lines used Hudsons on freight in emergencies, but not as a general rule.

The Illinois Central rebuilt a 2-8-4 (Berkshire) into a Hudson for the express purpose of hauling MS-1, a red-ball freight, between Chicago and Memphis. When put into service in Oct. '36, this was the world's fastest freight train on a run of over 500 miles. Originally MS-1 had 25 cars and the rebuilt engine was well suited to handle it, but as the train gained popularity a Mountain type, or a Mikado, was needed to wheel the added tonnage. This IC Hudson, numbered 1, was the only 4-6-4 we know of designed for freight service.

H. L. Kelso, who supplied this data, will have an illustrated feature on the Hudson type in our next issue.

4 *How large is Russia's rail system?*

The USSR rail network extends to more than 75,000 miles of track operated by the central government, plus 53,000 miles of spur track run by commercial organizations. About 4,000 miles are electrified.

5 *What is meant by the term "articulated" when applied to locomotives?*

Two trucks joined together but attached independently to the locomotive body are so connected that when one turns it tends to move the other in the same direction. This arrangement enables the truck frames to carry the drawbar effort, transferring the latter from the locomotive frame to the superstructure. It allows lighter construction of the superstructure and permits a long wheel base with many driving wheels to negotiate sharp curves. Most, but not all, articulated locomotives are Mallets.

6 *Which road has the most stockholders?*

The Pennsylvania, with 144,509, residing in every state in the Union and 38 foreign countries.

7 *Will a diesel-electric unit with six driving axles have a higher tractive effort than one with four?*

H. L. Kelso predicates the following answer by assuming both are of identical weight. Unless a railroad must distribute engine weight on six axles, the six-axle units are heavier than the fours. Thus equipped with six axles and more weight they provide a greater tractive effort. But if both units weigh the same, the six motors provide more tractive effort. Were this not so, why wouldn't the railroads save the expense of two motors instead of four on a given locomotive? If four provide as much starting power as six, why wouldn't two be used instead of four?

A trailer booster applied to a steam locomotive adds from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of tractive effort. But, aside from the weight of the booster engine there is no increase in the engine weight. The difference between adhesion on the wheels and adhesion on the driving wheels and horsepower also must be considered.

8 *How old is Japanese railroading?*

The Japanese railway system, now 12,485 route miles and 21,463 miles of all track, began in 1870. The first intercity train service (between Tokyo and Yokohama) was established in 1872.

Granddaddy of today's mighty electric locomotives was this invention of Thomas A. Edison, shown here at the controls on a test run at his plant in Orange, New Jersey.

Warren D. Stowman, 2011 W. Godfrey Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Famous Baldwin 2-8-0 Camelback built for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis.

9 *How many railroads in the Southwest used Camelbacks?*

Warren D. Stowman, of Philadelphia, who has a specialized knowledge of Camelbacks, says there were at least seven: Baltimore & Ohio (0-6-0, 4-4-0, 2-8-0), Western Maryland (4-4-0), Virginia Anthracite Coal & Ry. Co. (2-6-2), Moore Timber Co., in Florida, (2-6-0), acquired from DL&W, Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis (2-8-0), Marietta & North Georgia (now L&N, 2-8-0), and another small Georgia road, whose name he forgets, (2-8-0).

10 *Do diesels hold speed records?*

Yes, indeed. For example, the fastest transcontinental train run on this hemisphere was made by the diesel-powered *City of Portland* (M-10001), which covered the distance of 3,258 miles from Los Angeles to New York in 56 hours, 55 minutes, including stops en route. The run was made in October, 1934, operated by the Union Pacific and the Milwaukee Road.

11 *Where is the world's longest bridgeless stretch of railroad?*

On the Trans-Australian Railway, between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie, which for more than 1,000 miles traverses an almost waterless desert, crossing neither rivers nor streams.

12 *Why is* Railroad Magazine *issued two months ahead of the date on the cover?*

Many readers ask this question. Because *Railroad* is a bi-monthly, each issue must remain on the newsstands two months to get the maximum sale. For instance, if our October-dated issue came out October 1st, dealers would take it off the stands November 1st, saying: "This is old, and readers don't buy old magazines." Thus we would lose an entire month's sale.

Suppose two different magazines on a stand have equal reader-appeal but one is dated August and the other October. The average person naturally buys the later-dated one because he *thinks* it is newer.

Almost all magazines are predated to some extent. Ours isn't the only one.

13 *What happened to the Boston & Maine's last two steam locomotives?*

No. 622 has been scrapped and No. 3713 has been authorized for disposal. No other B&M steam engines are still extant.

14 *Are Australia's most powerful locomotives steam or diesel?*

Neither. They are 3,780-hp electric units operated by the New South Wales Government Railways. Their regenerative braking equipment retards train speed down steep mountain grades. Electric power generated by the locomotive during the retarding process is fed back to the overhead wiring and is used by trains traveling up-grade.

15 *Where can I get a railroad map of the United States?*

This question often comes up. Try C. S. Hammond & Co., 1 East 43rd St., New York City, or Rand McNally & Co., 7 West 48th St., New York City.

16 *Some time ago your magazine reported that the New York Central wanted to sell 406 of its passenger stations. Has it sold any?*

Yes, 53 so far, including some abandoned ones. In most cases the Central has leased back space for its own needs. The rental it pays the new owners is less than the taxes it once paid on the property! This deal is cutting the road's passenger-service deficit, which *Railway Age* estimates at $4,500,000 a month. The stations sold are being used by small businesses, as lodge-meeting halls, public libraries, etc.

The Pennsy, Katy and New Haven also have begun to sell stations, although PRR stations in the state of Pennsylvania, outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, are not taxed. Similar tax-free situations in several states encourage railroads to keep depots that otherwise would be too costly to maintain.

The New Haven has announced plans for a $41 million shopping center in New Rochelle, N. Y., a 24-level structure including 70 small retail stores, a department store, a 100-room hotel, and 15 floors of offices, in addition to the railroad station.

17 *How many freight cars do the American railroads own?*

Nearly two million. The figure is 29,000 above what it was a year ago, but the number of bad-order cars is rising.

18 (*a*) *Where do the Association of American Railroads and* (*b*) *the Interstate Commerce Commission get their personnel?*

(a) From universities, railroads, railroad organizations and other fields of endeavor, as well as from applicants in general. Job possibilities are governed by current needs, but the Association always likes to hear from interested individuals. Main offices are located in the Transportation Bldg., Washington 6, D. C., 59 Van Buren St., Chicago 5, Ill., and 30 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

(b) ICC work calls for varied backgrounds of education and experience. The Commission's largest single activity is centered in its legal staff for which recruiting is at the law-school graduate level, with bar membership, but no specialized training or experience is required. College people also are sought for training as motor-carrier safety inspectors, statistitions, researchers and economists.

Most of the positions, except for attorneys, are competitive and are filled from Civil Service registers. Data on jobs now open will be furnished by the Board of U.S. Civil Service Examiners, Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington 25, D. C. Openings are periodically announced and listed in post offices throughout the country.

19 *Do steam locomotives still operate in the Philippines?*

Not that we know of. The Philippines' 599-mile railway system — built

to a 3-foot 6-inch gage throughout — is fully dieselized. Its freight power consists of 42 diesel-electric locomotives and 34 diesel-powered mail cars. The system, known as the Manila Railroad recently reported ownership of 92 steam locomotives in storage pending decision as to final disposition.

20 *Where can I get details on the Railroad Retirement Act?*

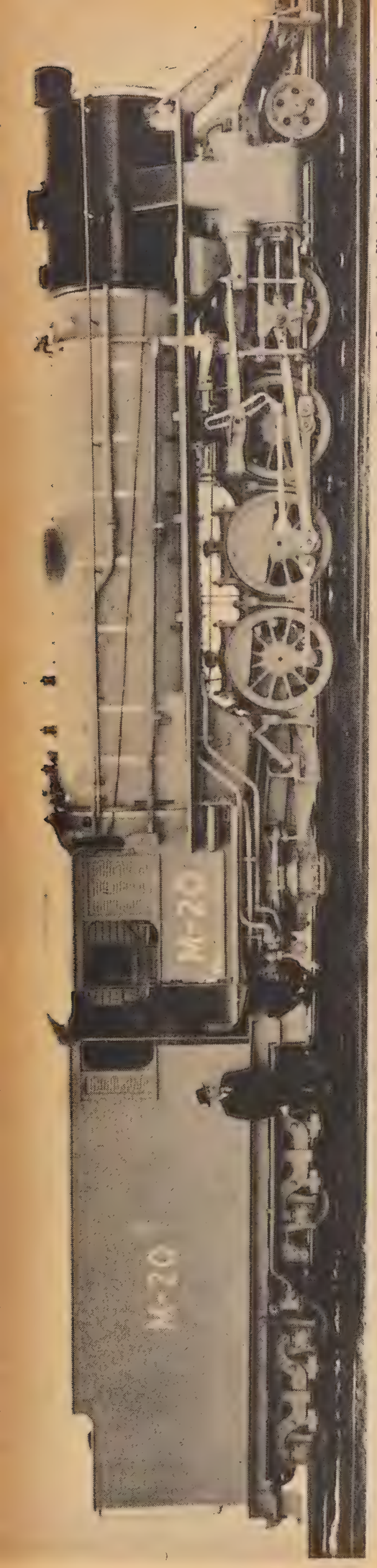
A new 100-page booklet, *Questions and Answers on the Railroad Retirement Act* (published by the Railroad Retirement Board) answers just about every question an employe might want to know. Send 35 cents to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

21 *Is it true, as I read somewhere, that millions of acres of fertile Illinois land which couldn't be sold originally for* $1.25 *an acre are now worth an average of* $278 *an acre, because of the railroads?*

No, but your *figures* are correct. For years the Government tried to sell those acres for a song and could not do so until the 1850's when the state was assured of rail transportation. Railroads opened the door to farm and industrial development, and land values have been rising ever since. However, many factors in addition to railroads have caused that huge increase in real estate prices.

U.S. Army Photograph

Historic moment: March 13, 1945. General Douglas MacArthur salutes the Phillipine people as first train entered Manila after its liberation. The General rode cab of festooned locomotive that pulled 16-car freight over rebuilt road into jubilant city.



Montreal Locomotive Works, Ltd., Montreal, Canada
The last steam engine to be built by the Montreal Locomotive Works was shipped to India in March of 1950 to complete a large order for the Government of Indian Railways.

22 *Is the Montreal Locomotive Works still building steam engines for export?*

No. The last steam locomotive built by MLW was shipped in March, 1950. This was the completion of a large order for the Government of India Railways. Between 1943 and 1950 MLW had built 474 steam locomotives for India. The last units were 282S128-class locomotives with cylinder diameter of 16¼ inches and stroke of 24 inches. Driving wheel diameter was 48 inches and maximum tractive power, 23,450 pounds.

Between 1904 and 1950 MLW built 3,870 steam locomotives for Canadian railroads and export markets. More than 1,200 units were built for railroads in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and the West Indies.

While steam production ceased at MLW in 1950 the Company was in production with diesel-electric locomotives. A 1,000-hp switcher delivered by MLW to Canadian Pacific in June, 1948, was the first diesel electric locomotive to be manufactured on a regular production basis in Canada. Since then MLW has built more than 1,000 diesel units for railroads in Canada, Australia, Brazil, Mexico and Argentina.

23 *Where is the world's highest point reached by a railroad?*

La Cima, Peru, 15,848 feet above sea level, on the Peruvian Central, a standard-gage line.

24 *What happened to the car named* George M. Pullman, *exhibited at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition in 1933?*

It was operated mostly in extra and special service from 1933 until 1952, when it was sold to the Chicago Great Western, to be used as a business car.

25 *Are motor vehicles largely responsible for the railroads' present financial plight?*

Yes, to some degree, but we believe they would be going well if it were not for excessive federal and state regulations. John B. Prizer, PRR vice president and general counsel, puts it this way:

"There are three important factors in the management of any business: pricing, wage costs, and service. In the railroad business, prices are prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission and, to some extent in passenger service, by state commissioners. Wage costs are prescribed by government-appointed boards with no responsibility to meet the raises they grant. Services, especially passenger services, are set by commissions with no responsibility to meet costs. Each of these boards or commissions can make its decisions independently of the others, and none is managerially responsible for any of its actions."

26 *When were the first carferries used in the United States?*

The first one used to transfer railroad cars was the *Susquehanna* which carried cars of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore (now the Pennsy) across the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, Md., beginning in April 1836. She continued in service until 1854 when she was replaced by the ferryboat *Maryland*. The latter was replaced by a bridge in 1866.

27 (a) *Who built the Union Pacific "Big Boy" 4000-series locomotives?* (b) *Have blueprints or specifications ever been made public for model use?*

(a) Alco. (b) Not that we know of, but we published the chief specifications in our Union Pacific roster in the Dec. '57 issue.

28 *Why do railroad managements usually give only menial jobs, such as that of crossing watchman, to skilled employes injured while on duty?*

With rare exceptions, the agreements with labor organizations do not permit the selection of positions except on a seniority basis. Many crafts do not have any assignments involving light work. Within these limitations, constant attention is given to placing employes injured in line of duty in such openings as may be available for them.

29 *What is the world's oldest passenger-carrying railway?*

The Swansea & Mumbles in Wales. Built in 1804, the line began carrying passengers on March 25, 1807, and is still in operation. Trains were horse-draw until 1877.

30 (a) *What is a water-bottom tender?* (b) *When a locomotive is scrapped, is her tender scrapped?*

(a) A tender in which the water area covers the entire floor. Most tenders have a floor space divided for water and coal areas. (b) Not necessarily. Some locomotive tenders are put to other uses. For example, dieselization in 1956 only put a temporary stop to

the use of giant capacity tenders that were once a part of the Louisville & Nashville M-1 high speed steam freight locomotives acquired from 1942 to '49.

31 *Who owns the Canada Southern?*

The Michigan Central, now part of the New York Central system.

Running Extra

When you answer a question requested in Information *Booth or* Running Extra, *be sure to mention the item number and date of issue.*

COMMENTING on our recent item about flagging, "Carload Andy" Ospring, retired hogger, writes: "When I was on the Vandalia (PRR), the *Book of Rules* required the fireman to protect the head end of his train whenever a flagman went out to protect the rear. The engineer would keep her hot until he whistled the flagman in (four long blasts for a return from the west or south, five long blasts for east or north). The fireman would come in at the same time.

"The oldest Vandalia record I have is an employes' timetable dated Dec. 13, 1874, which states this rule in wording similar to today's Rule 99. In those days the road had torpedoes. The rule of 1874 said that when the flagman was recalled he was to leave one torpedo at the far spot where he had already placed three, as that was the spot where he did his flagging (on the Vandalia.)"

Bill Knapke, retired Espee conductor, is puzzled as to why the Vandalia had a flagman leave one torpedo. "On every road I worked for," he says, "one torpedo was a signal to stop; two, a signal to slow down and proceed with caution. Why stop a following train after the first one has gone?"

A CONDUCTOR and brakeman fought a duel over a woman with Bowie knives, atop a freight train running about 30 mph, both being wounded. It happened in Kentucky in 1885. The Association of American Railroads gave us this item but had no details. Who can supply them?

HEAVIEST weight of rail in use today is not 136.2 pounds per yard, as our June issue stated, According to the ICC, 4,131 miles of Class 1 line-haul roads in the country are laid with rail weighing 140 pounds or over. The Bal-

James Wilder, Rail Photo Service. 93 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

Caboose hop: Two Mikes en route to the Canadian National's Don Yard in Toronto.

A new pattern in the railroad industry. Can you identify it? (Answer on page 40.)

timore & Ohio has about 3½ miles laid with 159-pound rail; the Reading .7 of a mile of the same. Last year the Pennsylvania reported having 536 miles laid with 155-pound rail. It continues to lay more of this weight as its 152-pound steel wears out.

A HUNGARIAN ex-railwayman, Dr. Z. Mattyasovsky, now living in Canada at 1452 Bishop St., Apt. 33, Montreal, P.Q., wants to hear from readers with regard to many phases of North American freight traffic in order to compare them with his experiences in Europe.

ARTHUR S. HARDY of Coté & Hardy, 140 Wellington St., Ottawa, Canada, has sent in additional information anent British Columbia coast service (item 9, June issue) rendered by the Canadian Pacific:

He refers to the summer service offered by the CPR from May 27th to Sept. 18th, at which time the *Princess Louise* leaves Vancouver for Skagway, navigating Alaskan waters with stops at Juneau, Skagway and Wrangell.

RECENTLY we answered this question: "Do you know of any railroad which changed from electric to steam?" In addition to those we mentioned, Norfolk & Western made such a change on Elkhorn Mountain with a $11.9 million line relocation, according to Wayne Horvath, 194 Munroe Falls Ave., Cuyohoga Falls, Ohio. The new line abolished the sharp curves, steep grades and cramped tunnel which favored the side-rodded juice jacks.

BRUCE DODSON, East Main St., Hopkinton, Mass., wants to buy a narrow-gage steam locomotive in running condition.

HISTORY of the Ingles, White Rapids & Northern, including locomotive roster of the line, are wanted by Homer G. Benton, Ft. Lewis, Wash.

INFORMATION on the Richmond, Nicholasville & Beatyville (known as the Riney-b), which ran from Frankfort to Richmond, Ky., is wanted by Robert Underwood, Ewing Hall, Fourth & Upper Sts., Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky. Recently he saw what was left of it: some pillars that once supported a tressel over the Kentucky River, a small tunnel, and a roadbed with trees about three inches thick.

WHO can tell Arthur Knowles, P.O. Box 1543, New York 17, N. Y., whether or not the term "Western Sandwich" had a railroad origin?

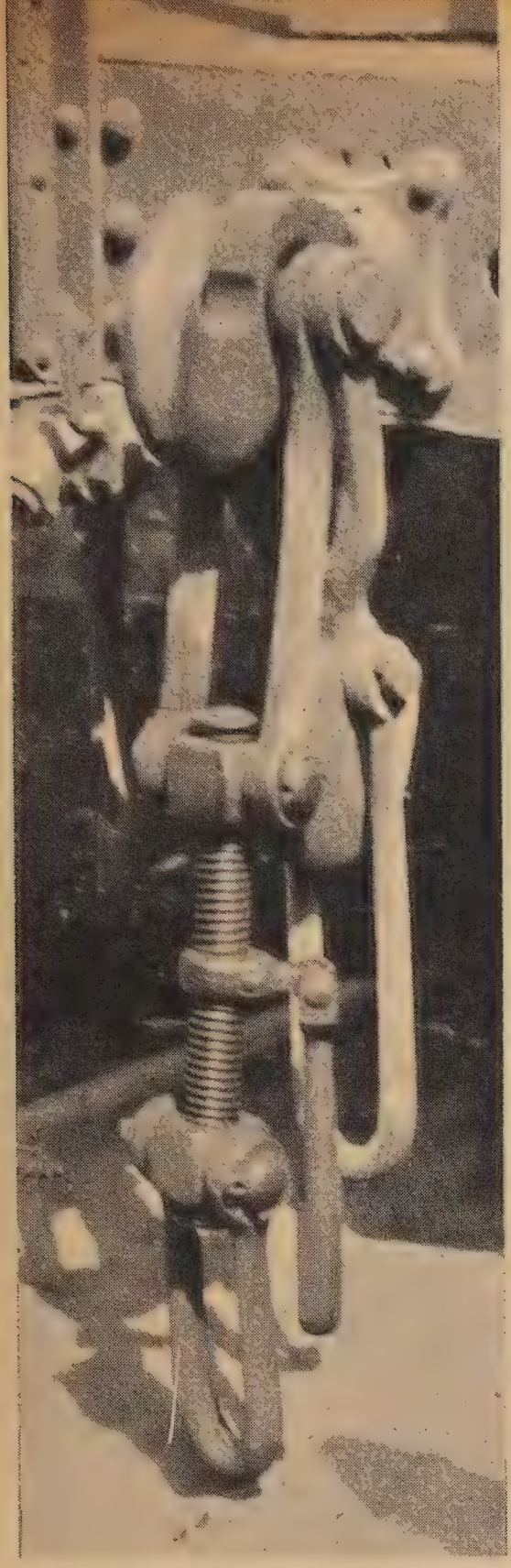
Hostler Frenand Pelletier fills tank of a CP 2-8-0 in Montreal's St. Luc Yard.
H. J. Treger, Jr., 2045 Jersey Ave., Westfield, N. J.

IN 1955 the Grand Trunk sent several steam engines to other sections of the parent Canadian National. Nos. 2575, 3410 and 3433 went to the DW&P, No. 7528 to Black Rock, N. Y., and No. 7529 to Fort Erie, Ont.

John Davis, Cushing Ave., Freeport, Me., would like to know about their disposition and if they still carry the words "Grand Trunk" on their tenders. Can any GT fans match his collection of GT (not GTW) negatives and 400 photos?

ON THE THEORY that industrial locomotives weighing up to 120 tons now can be overhauled, much like the family car, General Electric has set up major repair centers for this purpose at eleven points throughout the United States. Photo on page 39 shows the armature coils of a direct-current traction motor at one of those centers, North Bergen, N. J.

FRED A. STINDT, 978 Emerald Hill Rd., Redwood City, Calif., sends in additional information about Southern Pacific trains in California, which used the Espee McKeen gas-motor and gas-



Type of coupler used in France and Italy.
C. G. Dewey, 725 E. 7th St., Sheridan, Wyo.

electric coaches. (Item 29, June issue).

Sacramento-Colfax
Sacramento-Gerber
Sacramento-Placerville
Sacramento-Oroville
Sacramento-Marysville
Sacramento-Davis
Fresno-Bakersfield
Fresno-Porterville
Porterville-Hanford
Fresno-Tracy
Citrus-Fair Oaks
Los Angeles-Santa Barbara
Los Angeles-Saugus-Oxnard
Niland-Calexico
San Francisco-San Joe
San Francisco-Pacific Grove
Manor-Point Reyes NWP
Sausalito-Eureka NWP
Sausalito-Ukiah NWP
Sausalito-Healdsburg NWP
Sausalito-Cazadero NWP
Ignacio-Glen Ellen NWP

"WHAT was the longest freight train ever run in the United States; when and where did it run?" asks Steve Kalthoff, Pleasanton, Calif.

HUGH F. STEPHENS, 223 Trenton Blvd., Sea Girt, N. J., answers G. R. Squires' inquiry regarding the Sheffield & Tionesta (June issue), as follows:

"The S&T was organized June 1, 1901, originally as a private carrier (lumber road). The line absorbed the Tionesta Valley & Salmon Creek Ry. in 1901 and the Tionesta Valley & Hickory RR. in 1911. In 1921 the ICC ruled it a common carrier.

"Line of road was from Sheffield to Nebraska, Pa. (33.52 mi.), standard gage. Rolling stock consisted of 4 locomotives, 5 passenger cars and 40 freight cars. General office was Kelletville, Pa. At Sheffield it connected with the Pennsy and the Tionesta Valley Ry. (a narrow-gage road).

"Both the Sheffield & Tionesta and the Tionesta Valley have been abandoned for some years."

INFORMATION on the Pittsburgh Western narrow gage and the Huntington & Broad Top narrow gage is wanted by Charles Wiles, 654 Baldwin Rd., Hays, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BALL SIGNALS: Le Roy Frederick, Newport, N. H., in referring to a recent item, says this device is still used by the Boston & Maine in such locations as White River Junction, Vt., for controlling Central Vermont-B&M diamond movements; Bellows Falls for Rutland-B&M; Wells River for the CPR-B&M northern end of wye, and Concord, N. H., where three sets of balls are used for movements in and out of the station.

JOSEPH JESSEL, JR., 712 West Broad St., Falls Church, Va., wants a history of the Dan Patch Lines (Minneapolis-St. Paul, Rochester & Dubuque Electric Traction Co.), including equipment roster, date of abandonment and information on what happened to the right-of-way.

DETAILS regarding a wreck on the Louisville & Nashville are wanted by Joseph Graham, V.A.D., Dept. 3, Dayton, Ohio. It occurred about 1903-'05, when a Cincinnati-New Orleans train, known as the *Cannon Ball*, was crossing a bridge near Godwin, Tenn. The last cars (all Pullmans) were derailed and went into the river.

A TOMBSTONE in Alton city cemetery bears the following inscription: "Lt. Col. Stephen Harriman Long, Chief of the U. S. Geodetic Survey." Otto Beneze, 513 Pearl St., Alton, Ill., wants to know if he was the Col. Stephen H. Long who was chief engineer of the old Western & Atlantic RR.

A. G. STOHE of Ahren, Ohio, hopes someone can tell him the name of the fireman who fired the Mallett (No. 7605) on the Baltimore & Ohio's test trip from Brunswick to Cumberland, Md., about March 16, 1945.

IN a recent issue we credited Louis W. Hill as having coined the slogan, "See America First," popularized in 1912. Robert LeMassena, 1795 South Sheridan Blvd., Denver, Colo., has this to say about an earlier reference: "The slogan, 'See Europe if you will, but see America first,' appeared in the Denver & Rio Grande timetables and their *Red Book* for 1906. It was originated by Shadrack Kemp Hooper, D&G's general passenger and traffic agent, who was responsible for a tremendous number of advertising booklets and press releases which the road issued while he was in office."

CHARLES NELSON, Vincent House, 1005 East 60th St., Chicago, Ill., has a small copper-bottom tin pot, (5 inches high and 5 inches in diameter) with a hole in the center, and a 2½-inch spout. Brass cappings on both spout and hole are connected by a brass chain, and a brass plate bears the inscription, "Remove screw before lighting—G.W.S. & S." Who can identify this item?

WHO knows the words of an old railroad poem which starts off this way: "Only an engine, a thing that is dumb,/ But I know when the orders come."? R. L. Rowland, Barton, Fla., hopes someone can supply them.

REFERENCE to the Stroud's Creek & Muddlety in our June issue refers to it as a 3-mile railroad. But E. L. Thompson, Traffic Dept., Baltimore & Ohio RR. Co., Washington, D. C., advises us that it is 20.57 miles, according to the B&O which leases the line.

CARL DUDLEY, 113-2 Broad St., Detroit, Mich., wants a history of the Grand Rapids & Indiana (now the Pennsy).

BRIEF histories of the following Nevada lines are requested by Edward Wilsey, 142 N. Main St., Bel Air, Md.: The Las Vegas & Tonopah, the Tonopah & Goldfield and the Bullfrog & Goldfield. Evidences of their rights-of-way are still in existence. ●

32

In old Virginia when steam ruled the Clinchfield, a picture like this was a reality, not a collector's item. The eight-wheeler was No. 32, Class D-1.

Clinchfield Railroad

All Chicago subway and el trains may eventually be given two-way phones, which CTA is now trying out. (Right) Motorman John Burke tests the new system. (Left) Not long ago old open-platform equipment was running in the Loop district.
Ted Malott, 2623 N. Hampden Court, Chicago — Chicago Transit Authority

Steve Maguire's

TRANSIT TOPICS

TWO-WAY train phones, the first ones in transit history, are being tried out by Chicago Transit Authority on one of the city's elevated and subway trains. They permit the central control and dispatching personnel in CTA's Merchandise Mart offices to talk with motormen—and even directly to passengers by loudspeakers of in-moving trains.

Steve Maguire

Initial installation was made on CTA's north-south route, which daily carries about half of CTA's rapid-transit passenger volume. If—as is contemplated—the system is extended to all of the city's subway and elevated trains, the total cost will run between $70,000 and $350,000, depending upon whether the transmitter-receiver sets are portable or permanent.

With this system, a motorman can report directly to central dispatching such emergencies as accidents, illness of a passenger, equipment failure, etc. Central then tells him what to do.

When the line supervisor wishes to talk with a particular motorman in the State Street subway, for example, he picks up the hand-set, presses a button in its handle, and calls the motorman whom he identifies by train-run number. The line supervisor's voice is carried by telephone cable to the fixed wayside transmitter-receiver station located at the Grand Avenue station.

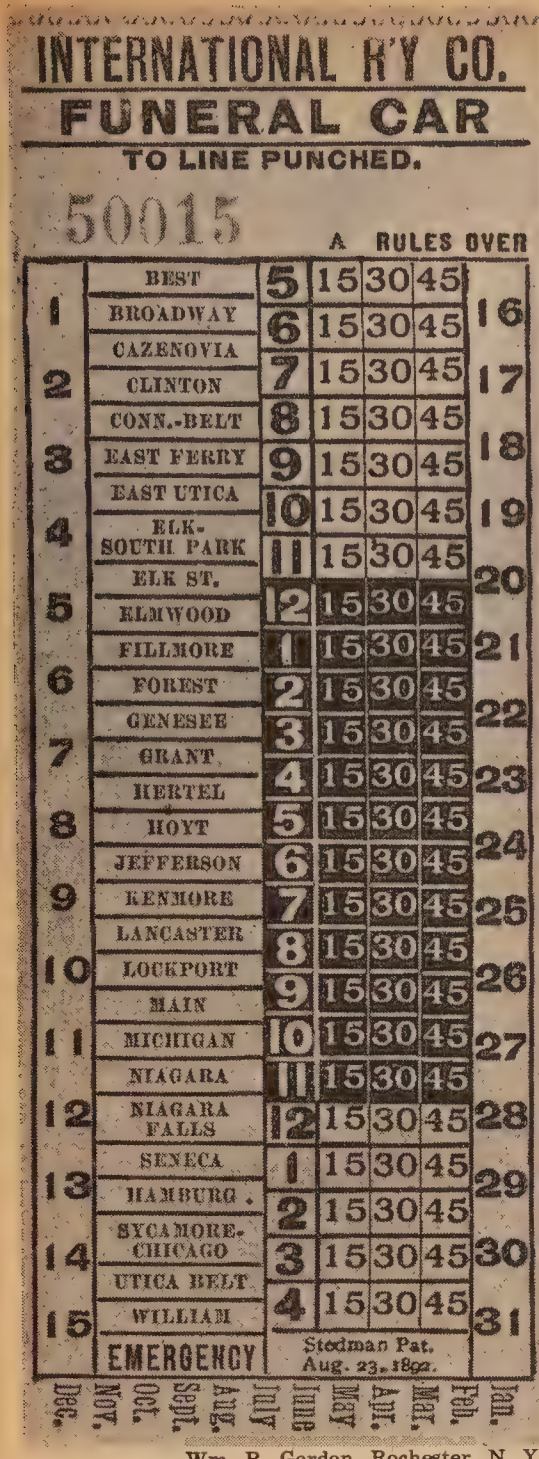
At this point, the electrical voice impulse is changed to a radio frequency FM signal and is fed to a telephone line extending throughout the subway. At intervals of about one mile, this radio frequency is "tapped off" and fed into the third rail.

If the line supervisor wishes to talk directly to passengers on the train, he asks the motorman to connect him with the train's public-address system. One factor leading to this installation was the Wilson El collision of Nov. 5, 1956, when blocked trains marooned thousands of riders who didn't know whether to leave the trains or stay aboard.

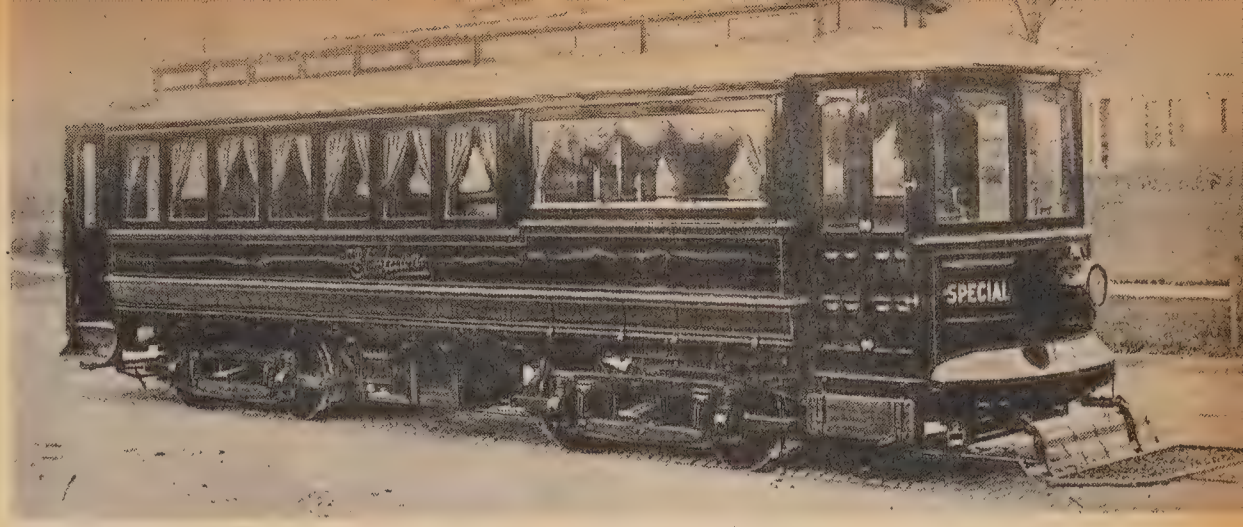
MODERNIZATION. Union Switch & Signal has received an order for nearly one million dollars from New York City Transit Authority to design signaling apparatus and install additional local track signaling in a modernization program on the Broadway-7th Avenue Line. The new signals, installed between Penn Station and Chambers Street will permit the operation of 10-car trains and increase the frequency of service. Existing platforms will be extended.

MONORAIL lines have often been proposed for rapid rtansit. Today New Orleans is moving toward such a goal. City council has voted a conditional 50-year franchise to Monorail of Louisiana, Inc., to operate a 16-mile line between the city's business district and Moisant International Airport.

According to William H. Harris, YMCA, Vicksburg, Miss., the new company is associated with Kaiser Industries, General Motors, and Murel Goodell, president of Monorail of Houston. Its franchise is contingent upon the results of a six-month study of the en-



Wm. R. Gordon, Rochester, N. Y.



International Railway funeral car *Elmlawn* (above), destroyed in a car-barn fire in 1915, was replaced by new car with same name. (Left) Transfer, slightly enlarged. Reverse side says: "This transfer will be accepted at any junction point within the cities of Buffalo, Tonawanda, North Tonowanda, Niagara Falls or Lockport when month, date, time and line are correctly punched." A rare item!

gineering and economic feasibility of such a line. This study is being conducted by Col. S. H. Bingham, former head of the New York City Transit Authority. If this report is favorable, the monorail firm predicts it will have the line, costing $16,500,000, in operation by the end of 1959.

New Orleans has the only two-man streetcar operation left in America, according to H. H. Diers, Washington, D. C., referring to the trolley lines of New Orleans Public Service. He says the lines, with their low fare of seven cents a ride, do not make a profit. The fare is tied in with the gas and electric businesses of the utility company that runs the cars. As long as the other services yield a certain profit the carfare will not be raised. All in all, New Orleans is an interesting city to watch.

THE LAST two-man operation on the fast-vanishing trolley fleet of Montreal Transportation Commission was the Lachine route, recently converted to buses.

A single-trucked open car is being added to MTC's collection of old trolleys that include two single-truckers, two large wooden types, and a Birney. The latest one had been used in a factory, miles away, and was in bad shape. Local fans and employes are rehabilitating it in MTC's Youville shops for use in a parade to mark the abandonment of the Park Avenue and Outremont routes in September.

Visitors from the States looked in on the rebuilding the other day when Branford Electric Railway Association ran a fantrip over MTC lines. Oddly enough, it was BERA's first juice trip, all of the Association's previous excursions having been on steam- or diesel-powered trains. Your *Transit Topics* editor was among those present.

Elsewhere in Canada, some former Kansas City PCC cars are now in service on Toronto's St. Clair route, reports William Gordon, Rochester, N. Y., who says the company finds them satisfactory. As each PCC goes into operation an older car of the Peter Witt type, 2300 series, is withdrawn. Toronto Transportation Commisssion plans to keep 40 of the larger Peter Witts from the original 250, and 95 smaller ones for emergency use, at least until the Bloor Street subway is opened.

THE FUTURE of transit lines in the Los Angeles area under the new Metropolitan Transit Authority is still a matter for conjecture. Here are four readers' opinions:

(1) "MTA's present plans, subject to change, are to abolish the ex-PE and MCL rail lines and improve bus service, eventually building a new rail line rapid-transit system."

(2) "MTA said its betterment pro-

Who recalls this old International Railway station at Lockport, N. Y., or combine car No. 60? The women's dresses reached clear down to the depot platform.

In Montreal you can still ride trolley cars such as Nos. 997, 1177, and 1046.

Lakeside shuttle car No. 882 is still pursuing its solitary way, carrying employes of the Wisconsin Electric Company, but it no longer operates on week-ends.

Three photos by Steve Maguire, 1411 River Rd., Belmar, N. J.

Former Pacific Electric car 304 on LAMTA's now-abandoned Bellflower route.

gram would include dropping the four remaining ex-PE lines. No date has been set, but with freeways to the harbor nearing completion, the time for those lines seems to be running out."

(3) "I have been told that one LAMTA consulting engineer favors replacing the big red cars with 30 PCC's now stored in the old subway. Those PCC's need a lot of repairs. Besides, PE owns the track. Even if MTA officials wanted to keep cars running they could not do so effectively on a road that is waiting only for the day when it will have the tracks to itself and can run Southern Pacific diesels at will. They'd have to acquire new rights-of-way."

(4) "A report compiled before MTA took over says the former MCL rail equipment is in bad condition, the shops must fabricate parts especially for ordinary maintenance. The expense of drastic overhanging is unwarranted."

Rail service on the Bellflower line ended May 25. Apparently San Pedro and Watts shuttle lines, being lightly patronized, are doomed. The Long Beach line is more promising, especially if given better equipment. Many readers think the city routes of the former LATL are safe for at least seven years.

The baseball team now known as the Los Angeles Dodgers, which left Brooklyn, N. Y., when the trolleys did, is being served at the huge Coliseum by Vermont Avenue's V line. For this and the other L. A. news, thanks to many readers.

LAKESIDE shuttle trolley No. 882, which gives free rides to employees of the Wisconsin Electric Co. on Milwaukee's outskirts, has ended week-end operation. It almost followed the last Milwaukee city trolley into oblivion in March, but the power company gave it a last-minute reprieve, reports Paul Weyrich, 2036 Franklin St., Racine, Wis.

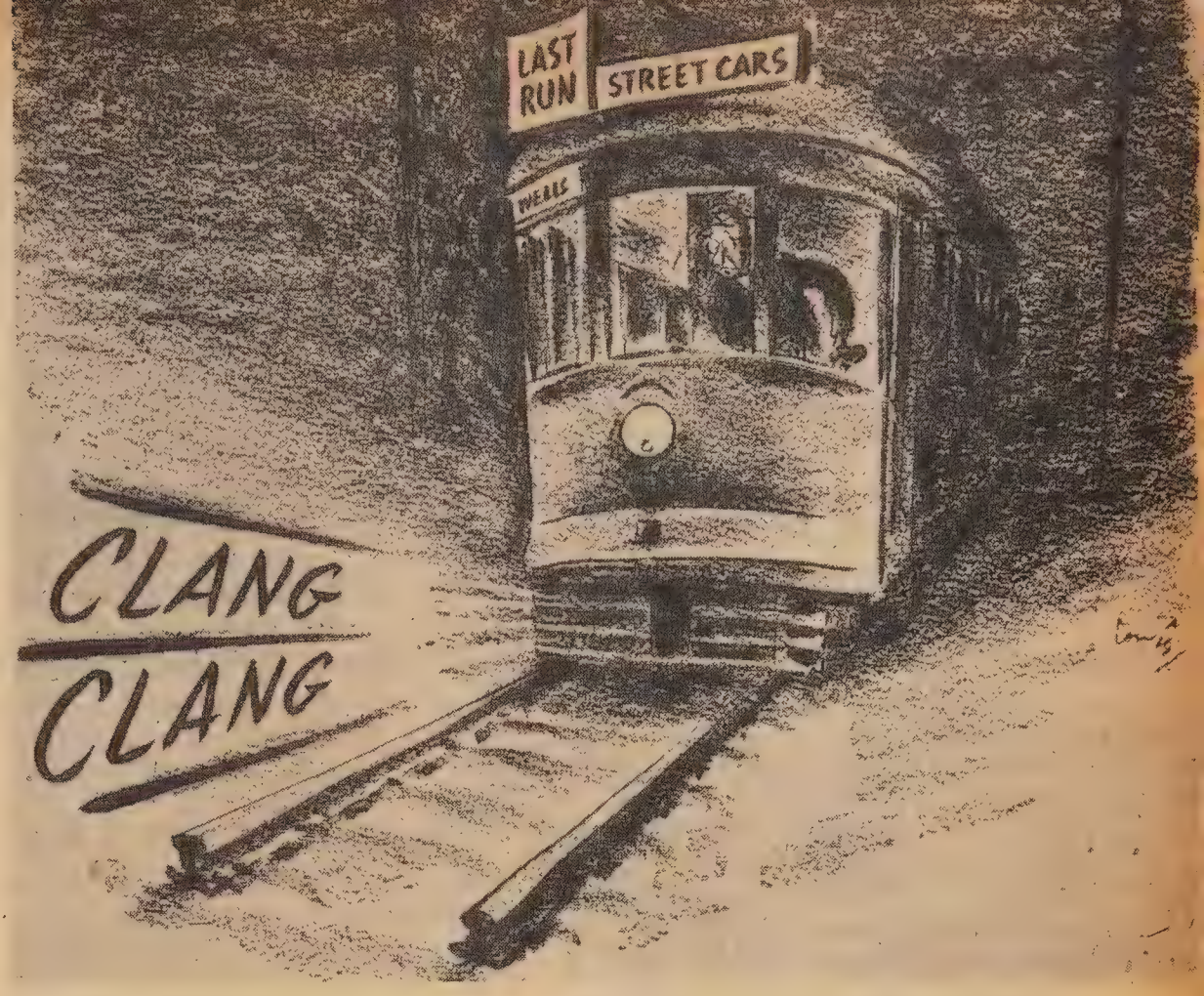
At least five of Milwaukee's abandoned streetcars will be preserved, writes Albert G. Buetschle, 2511 N. Pierce St., Milwaukee. No. 861 will go to Seashore Electric's museum at Kennebunkport, Me.; Nos. 960 and 968 to the Oak Creek Railroad Museum south of Milwaukee; No. 972 (best car in the fleet) to the Illinois Electric Railway Museum at North Chicago, and No. 978 to suburban Wauwatosa as a Kiwanis Club project.

BY LATE 1959 trolleys of the Boston Metropolitan Transit Authority may

be running on the tracks of the Boston & Albany's old Highland Branch, which was abandoned May 31, reports Carl Smith, Boston, Mass. The MTA already has been granted $10 million to reinstate passenger service on that line and to electrify it with trolley wire for 11½ miles to Riverside, Mass.

The route had been operated 91 years as a steam railroad. To convert it to trolleys, MTS will have to extend the Boyleston Street subway tunnel to connect with the railroad tracks, rebuild bridges to wider clearance, build yard facilities at Riverside, lay several miles of rail, and improve the roadbed.

WANT to buy an interurban? The Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee is up for sale. C. S. Leanard, president of Susquehanna Corp., the holding company that owns it, says he has not yet had any "interesting offers but we're still looking for buyers, as we have been for the past year."



"For Whom the Bell Tolls"—cartoon based on end of Milwaukee streetcars.
The Milwaukee Journal

LYLE JUDD, one of the founders and current members of the Railway Historical Society of San Diego, Calif., suddenly recalled a short time ago that an ancient cable car, No. 54 of the old San Diego Railroad, had been stored since 1916 in the back yard at 2140 Kearney St., San Diego. He hadn't seen it since 1930, but he hurried over to the spot to see if it was still there.

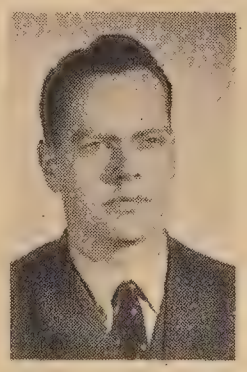
Yes, it was! The Society acquired title to this relic without much trouble, moved it to a new location, and set to work restoring it for public display.

According to C. T. Steeb, 615 8th Ave., San Diego, who sent us this news, the successors to San Diego's old cable cars included some interesting double-decked trolleys that might well have been the first of their type in America. The double-deckers were unusual in that the motorman sat out in front on a narrow platform unprotected from the elements, pretty much as engine crews did on the early cabless steam locomotives.

ABANDONMENT of the key System and end of its 8-mile trans-Bay train service last spring created one of the worst traffic snarls in local history. The noisy swarm of buses over the bridge was bogged down dismally by many former train commuters who chose to drive their own cars into San Francisco during the rush hours rather than use the slow buses. Conversion of the track level to new highway lanes will ease the jam somewhat, but only temporarily. The end of rapid transit dooms the Bay cities inevitably to a bridge congestion that will worsen as time goes on.

What about the two-car articulated units that used to run on the bridge lines? Some are barely 20 years old. Erle C. Hanson, 952 36th St., Richmond, Calif., thinks they may be sold to the Los Angeles transit system for its Long Beach line.

"SPAIN still has streetcars serving all cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants, but modern British-built buses and trolley-buses have already begun to replace them," writes Rafael C. Margarit, 34 M. Guiner, Igualda, Spain, "particularly in Madrid, where streetcars have been pushed out of the capital city and where the color of municipal transport vehicles is bright blue. Barcelona has plenty of tramway lines, few buses. City council wants to change their color from red to green."


Rafael Margarit

A LIMITED number of cleaned, solid brass, air whistles from the N.Y. Subway may be bought at $5 each plus parcel post charge. State which type you want, 1877 or '92. Proceeds from sale go toward building a car barn for Connecticut Co. car 3000 at Branford Electric Ry., East Haven, Conn. This car is owned jointly by James Seibert, 36-42 209th St., Bayside 61, L. I., N. Y., and Bill Ketterer, Jr., 42-25 309th St., Bayside.

Bill writes: "These whistles could be used by any railfan group on any equipment that operates with about 40 pounds of air. We at Branford have one on Baltimore crane car 3715. Any individual fan might want one for his collection of railroadiana. Each whistle weighs 2 or 2¼ pounds."

WORTH reading is "1958: The Trolley in Canada," an illustrated feature by Robert Abrams in Vol. 23, No. 2, of *The Bulletin,* National Railway Historical Society. The editor is Joseph Mannix, 411 E. Vankirk St., Philadelphia 20, Pa.

New Publications

Electric Railways of Indiana, Part I, **the story of all traction lines that operated in southern Indiana, has ust been issued by Central Electric Railfans Ass'n., Box 503, Chicago 90, Ill. Second**

half of the Hoosier State story is due next year.

Part I, with 174 pages, 8½ x 11 inches, is illustrated with hundreds of photos, diagrams, rosters, timetables, transfers, etc., many rare. Four whole pages are devoted to colored photos. This volume, the 101st of CERA, is available at $7.50 a copy as long as the supply lasts. Fans are advised not to delay. Last year's CERA book on Iowa is almost completely sold out. All previous CERA bulletins are so scare that they are now selling, if at all, at a premium.

Your best assurance for future CERA publications is to take associate membership in the Association at a yearly cost of $5. If you do it before Nov. 30 you will get the 1959 bulletin without extra cost.

Liberty Bell Route's 800 Series Interurbans, a 48-page (6 x 9 inches) illustrated history and roster of fine, big, wooden cars of Lehigh Valley Transit's Allentown-Philadelphia line from 1913 to 1939, has just published by NRHS, Lehigh Valley Chapter. (One such car is in utility use today in Philadelphia subways.) Copies of the booklet may be had from Randolph L. Kulp, 602 St. John St., Allentown, Pa., at $1 (foreign, $1.50), postpaid.

Supplement 3, Pacific Electric Western District, Ira Swett's new publication, is intended for insertion in his prior Western District bulletins. It is the 20-page illustrated story primarily of Hill Street subway station, Los Angeles. Obtainable at $1 from Ira Swett, 1416 S. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles 6, Cal.

Keene (N. H.) Electric Railway, by O. R. Cummings, is the Feb. '58 bulletin of NRHS, Connecticut Valley Chapter; 12 pages, illustrations, map, roster; may be had for 35c from Roger Borrup, Warehouse Point, Conn.

Streetcar and Interurban Lines
Still Operating in North America

SINCE our last listing of North American streetcar lines, in 1952, the trend toward abandonments has been accelerated. When we first compiled such data you could have counted on your fingers the states *without* operating trolley or interurban lines. Today you can almost count on your fingers the states that *do* have passenger streetcar lines.

Even *Headlights*, the organ of the die-hard Electric Railroaders Association, admits that America's trolleys face a bleak future and is asking its readers: "What is likely to be the last operating streetcar line in the United States? And why do you think that line will outlast all of the others?" The answers would interest many readers.

Our present North American list includes all operating trolley and interurban lines that are comparable to the oldtime city transit or interurban surface lines. We have deliberately omitted such lines as the Hudson & Manhattan, the Staten Island Rapid transit, and subway and elevated routes.

Also included are the operating trolley museum lines (most of them summer only) and the hybrid Shaker Heights and Public Service CT lines that use trolley cars on rapid-transit routes. With abandonments being so frequent, it is not easy to give exact mileages in each case. Some figures are approximate mileage being operated by the cars. The likelihood of abandonments may make our list partly obsolete even before you read it.

UNITED STATES

California
Los Angeles Metro. Transit Auth., 140
Municipal Ry. of San Francisco, 80
Sacramento Northern, (F), 50

Connecticut
Branford Electric Ry. Assn., East Haven, (M), 2
Connecticut Valley El., Warehouse Pt., (M), 2

District of Columbia
D. C. Transit System, Inc., Washington, 140

Illinois
Chicago, Aurora & Elgin, Wheaton, (A), 88
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee, Highwood, 221
Chicago South Shore & South Bend, (see Indiana)

Indiana
CSS&SB, Michigan City, 170

Iowa
Charles City Western (F), 26
Mason City & Clear Lake, Mason City (F), 10
Southern Iowa Ry., Centerville, (F), 16
Waterloo Railroad, 7

Kansas
Hutchinson & Northern Ry., Hutchinson, (F), 6
Kansas City, Kaw Valley RR., Bonner Springs, (F), 19

Louisiana
New Orleans Public Service, 26

Maine
Seashore Electric, Kennebunkport, (M), 2

Maryland
Baltimore Transit Co., 50
D. C. Transit System, (see Dist. of C.)

Fifty years ago Market Street in Newark, N. J., teemed with Public Service trolleys. The special car you see just left of center was No. 6000, a pay car.

Massachusetts
Metropolitan Transit Auth., Boston, 100

Missouri
St. Louis Public Service Co., 126

New Jersey
Public Service Coord. Transp., Newark, (R), 9

North Carolina
Piedmont & Nthn., Charlotte, (F.), ¼

Ohio
Central Ohio Railfans Assn., Worthington, (M), 2
Shaker Hts. Rapid Transit, (R), 26
Toledo & Eastern, Curtice, (F), 11

Oklahoma
Tulsa-Sapulpa Union, Sapulpa, (F), 14

Pennsylvania
Johnstown Traction Co., 27
Philadelphia Suburban Transp. Co., Llanerch, 67
Philadelphia Transportation Co., 300
Pittsburgh Railways, 426

Texas
El Paso City Lines, El Paso, 16
Texas Transportation Co., San Antonio, (F), 1

Washington
Yakima Valley Transp. Co., Yakima, (F), 20

Wisconsin
CNS&M (see Illinois)
City of East Troy, (F), 7
Wisconsin Elec. Power Co., Lakeside & Pt. Washington, (B), 8

CANADA

Ontario
Cornwall St. Ry., L. & P. Co., (F), 8
Grand River Ry., Preston, (F), 18
L. Erie & Northern, Preston, (F), 51
London & Pt. Stanley, London, (F), 47
Niagara, St. Catherines & Toronto, St. Catherines, 74
Oshawa Railway, (F), 22
Ottawa Transp. Comm., 36
Toronto Transp. Comm., 222

Quebec
Canadian Nat'l Rys., Quebec City, (C), 44
Montreal Transp. Comm., 100

MEXICO

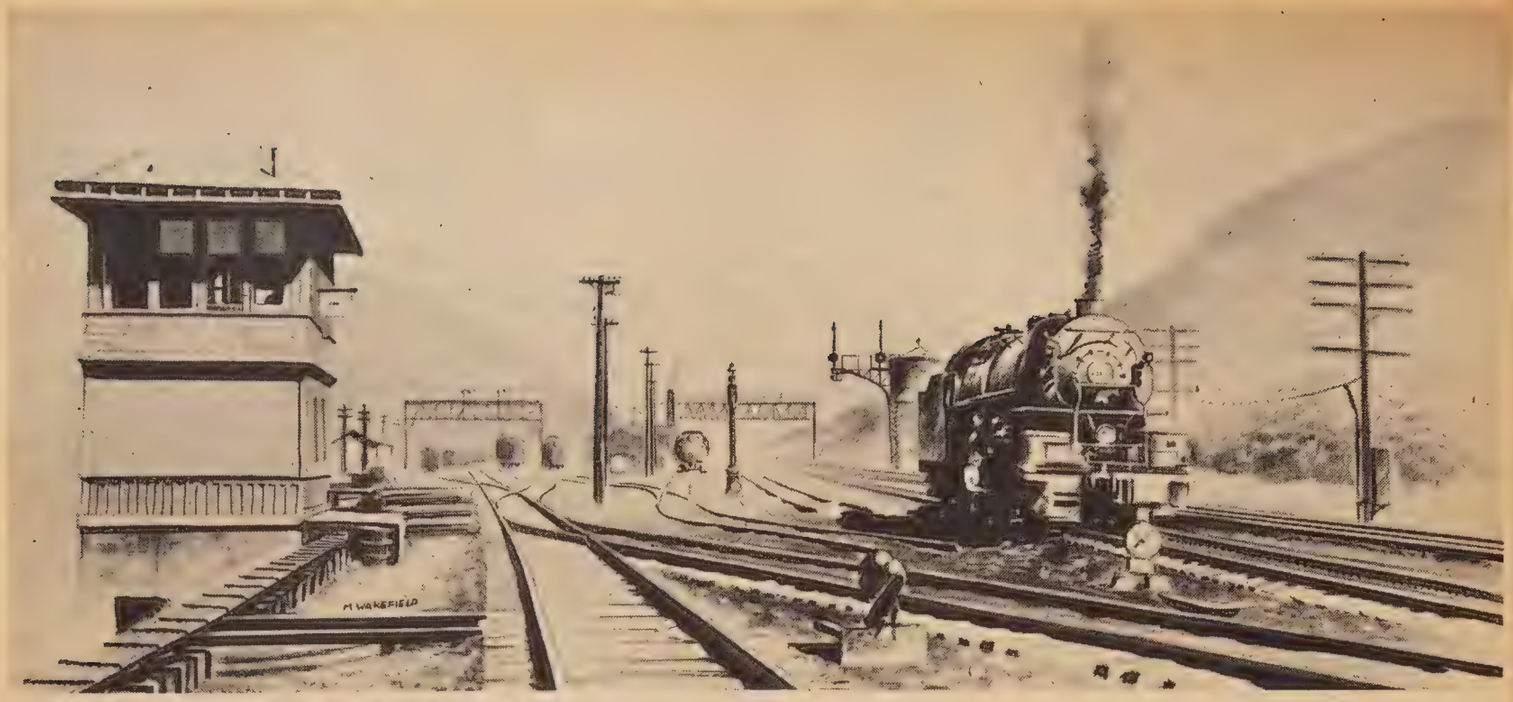
Co-Operative de Transp. Urban y Sub, Vera Cruz, 20
Servicio de Transp. Elec., Mexico City, 160
Sociedad Co-Op. de Transportes, Tampico, 16

CUBA

Hershey-Cuban Railway, Hershey, 72

NOTES
(A) Passenger service suspended 1957.
(B) Operates one passenger car for employees in St. Francis, Wis.
(C) Former Quebec RL&P line to Ste. Anne.
(F) Freight only.
(M) Trolley museum operation, summer only.
(R) Rapid transit using PCC cars.

A jolly trolley picnic on the old Lock Haven (Pa.) Electric Railway in 1910. The Lock Haven Express, Lock Haven, Pa.



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Restless Feet

Life, for Eddie Sand, Was a Series of Migrations, and the Hard Tramp of Mikados on the Grade Sent His Thoughts to Far Places

by HARRY BEDWELL

TIME STRAYED by without design in the lonely telegraph station on a ledge of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Eddie Sand, lean and redheaded and youthful, looked out on that rugged world and felt the urge to wander. Six months was a long stretch for a boomer to remain static.

He had wanted exactly that kind of job when he took it—just enough telegraphing to bring in a pay check, with lots of leisure for reading—and at first he purred in contentment. But now he noticed that the morning sun was late coming into the steep-sided valleys and it left early. Change permeated the air. Eddie had lost a taste for his own cooking.

The hard tramp of Mikados on the grade and the pounding of stacks echoed across the mountain tops. The chant of wheels going places sent his thoughts winging to distant points. Pretty soon he'd be talking to himself. Better start drifting again—back to the West, where he felt more at home.

So Eddie Sand turned in his switch-key, his book of rules, and his resignation. Without a quibble, the chief dispatcher gave him a pass to the westernmost point on the road. Some boomers showed superior talent, he reasoned, and this one had been singularly useful.

"You're welcome to come our way again," the chief invited, "any time you're in the neighborhood and run shy of eating money."

Eddie glanced at the rock-stitched landscape glinting in the thin sunlight outside the window. Right now it didn't look too good, but ever so often you had to return to the East.

"I might," he said briefly.

He sauntered out. His mind flitted along the iron highway, through the mountain passes, down to the plains and desert, and beyond, across the continent to where the blue Pacific laughed in the sun. At the station platform he boarded a passenger train. After that, he read two books in quick succession while he was crossing segments of three states.

On the evening of the second day his train grunted to a stop at a big station, a place called Waverly. Eddie untangled his thoughts from the latest book. It was a division point, he noted casually. His keen eyes took in the sprawling roundhouse, from which thin gray smoke curled upyard, and the yard office, and the super's headquarters above the depot, and the old water tower.

It didn't seem like a place where he wanted to work. Wasn't far enough west, for one thing. Then a gangling, swivel-jointed figure ambled across his vision, a familiar shape from the vagrant past. You couldn't mistake the long reach of limber legs nor the arrogant slant of that disreputable hat.

Sure enough, it was Hiram Wheel-

er. "Hi" was a boomer brakeman and occasional pal. Eddie had shared hairbrained escapades with him from Baton Rouge to Montreal. Those two kindred souls had last associated down on the Santa Fe in New Mexico. There they both had suffered from Hi's insatiable curiosity about a certain blonde with wicked hips and acquisitive ideas. What a bitch! Well, no matter . . .

Eddie leaned out the coach window and yelled: "Hey, mister!"

Hi Wheeler turned about. "Eddie!" he exclaimed. His face split into a huge grin. Galloping like a giraffe, he reached up and grabbed Eddie by the arm.

"Dog-gone!" he raved. "We ain't met in a long time. Git off'n that train! This is the place you're headed for."

Eddie beamed down at the eager face. Then he arose and hauled his heavy suitcase from the rack.

It was good, after the long silence of the Blue Ridge country, to hear Hi's ribald chatter about where he'd been, his pranks, and the girls he'd met and loved and parted from.

"Stow your junk in my room," the brakeman said. "Tomorrow I'll take you up to the chief dispatcher and get you a job."

"What kind of brass collars do you work for here on the Whitewater Central?" Eddie wanted to know.

"Not too bad," Hi said, "with the possible exception of the division superintendent, Moon-Face Faber."

"Moon-Fare Faber?"

"Yeah. His front initials are M. F. and we nicknamed him for that and his round mug."

"Tell me about him."

Hi scratched his sandy hair. "Faber's outa Boston and he's kin to somebody. There's a lot of Boston money in the Whitewater Central and I guess they're tryin' to get some of it back."

"Does Faber move around enough to cause trouble? I hate to have guys looking over my shoulder."

The brakeman dismissed him lightly. "All you gotta do if Faber's around is play dumb. He likes you better that way."

SUNLIGHT, as brittle as fine glass, poured into the Waverly yard. Eddie Sand, now at the telegraph table in the bay window of the station, had a green eyeshade pulled down over his thin nose against the glare. The dispatcher was brawling angrily on the wire with an engineer, through the operator at Satus, the next station east.

A way freight crawled into the yard. Hi signaled insults from the gangway of he locomotive as she stamped by down the passing track. The conductor came into the office and traded a bundle of waybills with the agent for another bundle, damp from the copying press.

The fracas on the wire continued. Nineteen, a westbound streak of varnish, was having engine trouble at Satus. The hogger reported that his old girl had a cracked steam pipe and it was dangerous to move her. He said he was going to tie her up and they'd have to send another locomotive to take his train in.

The trick dispatcher bullied, but he throttle-jerker stood firm. Then the chief dispatcher came on the wire, and was curt. The engineer refused to budge. At length Superintendent Faber was called in, and he threatened. Still the engineer held his ground.

Finally they instructed him to bring his train to Waverly, where they would cut off the way freight's engine and give her to the passenger train. The hoghead was relucant. Then Moon-Face put his foot down. He flatly ordered the man to come in to Waverly. After that, there could be no refusal.

The dispatcher called Eddie into the deal. The freight conductor took his flimsies and went down through the yard to his engine. Meanwhile, the train crew hurried to complete their switching. Then they backed their engine down to the east end of the yard and set her on the main line, ready to couple onto the passenger train as soon as the cripple was cut off.

Train No. 19 rolled out of the east, running at half speed. She stopped and blew out a flagman, and the engine was cut off. Hi Wheeler let her into a siding while the parlor man tied the freight hog on.

From the bay window, the white sunlight distorted the moves into flickering, restless scenes. Eddie watched the trainmen check the delay. Then he turned to his key and flipped a report o the dispatcher.

The passenger engine, a 4-6-0 type, chugged slowly up the empty siding and out onto the main line again. Steam coiled in angry wisps about her. Nineteen's new hogger whistled in her flagman.

A flat, choked explosion ripped through the white glare. Steam boiled from the ten-wheeler and her stack suddenly cracked in sharp barks. Her speed increased. A thick cloud of steam and black smoke trailed out behind her in the listless air. It was a tense moment.

EDDIE strode quickly to the doorway. The exhaust stuttered as the engine rolled toward him. You couldn't see what was happening in her cab, and the cloud blanketed the scene behind.

The op's trained eye slid along the siding past the station. If that old ten-wheeler kept on the way she was going, she'd slip through the spring switch at the other end and out onto the main line. So far as he knew, there was nothing imminent up ahead for her to get into, but a wild engine on the loose was bound to run into trouble eventually, unless the steam died in her fast.

Eddie waited for the engineer to check her, but the runaway continued to storm up the siding. The cab was out of action.

Down toward the west end of the siding a switch led to a spur which ended in a bumper above the brickyard pit. If you turned the engine onto that spur, she'd ride the bumper and end up in the deep hole. That, Eddie decided, would be the safest way to handle the old girl—dump her into the pit.

But maybe the engine crew still remained in the cab, overcome by steam. The engineer might even be working at a sprung throttle in that

white hell, trying to get her stopped. Anyone in the cab was not likely to survive if he rode the ten-wheeler into that brick-yard pit.

Eddie moved out onto the platform. If he should guess wrong, somebody would get it in the neck. It was a tough decision.

Then a long figure came out of the trailing smoke and steam. Arms flapped and gyrated. Hi Wheeler was signalling him.

That double-jointed brakeman sure could pantomine. He slapped the top of his head and tossed his hands. He ducked into a forward motion and swung sidewise with both hands before him, like a diver. Eddie couldn't mistake the meaning. Hi was telling him to turn her into the clay pit. Nobody was in the cab.

Eddie ran across the passing track. White sunlight shimmered and danced. He drove his legs in a hard sprint. A string of cars on the house track blocked his way, but he leaped over the drawheads between two of them in a swing and a swoop.

That bellowing 4-6-0 was close on Eddie's behind as he turned down the stock-pen siding. He dug his key ring from his pocket, caught the switch-sand with his left hand, and inserted a brass key. Then he ducked away and covered his face as the crazy ten-wheeler batted at the switch-points.

She nosed down into the pit, her front end crumpled on the hard gray bottom, and her tender slewed over, trying to crowd down beside her. That hog would sure need a major overhaul before she could ride the rails again!

TWO DAYS later, the men concerned in that affair were assembled, on orders, in Superintendent Faber's outer office.

Eddie Sand was uneasy. He'd never before purposely damaged a locomotive. Motive power was costly. The Old Man would be sore about that. Yet, in the emergency, what else could he have done? You can't take the chance of hurting some fellow, regardless of property loss.

In due time they all were herded into the super's private office. Mr. Faber's eyes were blue and frosty in his moon-shaped face. He had the long, lean hardness of an athlete.

Faber conducted the entire hearing. His mood was coldly judicial. As a railroad official representing the stockholders he saw no reason why a locomotive should be tossed into a deep excavation. That was disorderly and extravagant. Someone should check destructive tendencies on the Whitewater Central. The fact that no one had been hurt didn't matter very much. The human element was merely labor on the market.

Moon-Face had been sent out from Boston to protect the family investments and he went about it in a businesslike way. Evidently the trouble had come from a cracked steam pipe, but the master mechanic couldn't prove it. The ten-wheeler's dive into the brick-yard pit had dislocated her guts so badly that he couldn't be sure what had been wrong in the first place.

Russ Ward, the hogger, was flustered by the super's bleak skepticism. He wondered why Mr. Faber couldn't see the obvious. In the grim atmosphere of the proceedings the engineer fumbled his replies, made a poor impression.

He had been leaning out of his cab and the explosion kicked him through the window, landing him on all fours in a pile of head-end cinders, unhurt. The fireman had been slightly scalded and had unloaded as soon as he could find his way out of the blasting steam. He hadn't seen what happened on the other side of the cab.

It seemed too simple to be true. Mr. Faber was incredulous. He went at Eddie sternly. Wasn't there, he wanted to know, some way in which Eddie could have restrained that locomotive, other than demolishing her?

"No," said the boomer operator, "unless I'd let her ramble out onto the main line."

"But didn't you consider it at the time?" Faber persisted. "Remembering that a locomotive is a costly piece of equipment, Mr. Sand, didn't you search for other possibilities?"

"Seems to me I did," Eddie admitted, "but nothing came of it. There wasn't much time to reflect. You had to shoot from the hip."

The super frowned at that. "In the light of afterthoughts, don't you think now that there might have been a way to avoid the destruction?"

Eddie resrained his rising anger. "Look," he said, "I had a couple of choices, and three seconds to pick the right one. If there was any alternative to them it sure escaped me at the time."

"A-a-h! But train operations call for ingenuity and alertness."

"Mr. Faber, if you'd witnessed the signals that Brakeman Wheeler passed, telling me there was no one in the engine cab, you'd really have seen something smart and nimble. Hi made his meaning very plain."

THE BOSS paused doubtfully. He was confused. Then he called Brakeman Wheeler, and waded in clear over his head.

"Why did you deem it necessary to signal your colleague to divert the locomotive to destruction?"

"Huh?" said Hi.

Faber tried again.

"Oh, that," Hi nodded brightly. "Well, I seen the hoghead and the ashcat join the birds. They was in the clear. But that old calliope was headin' for the main iron with her latch sprung, bound for a cornfield meet if she lasted that long. Cornfields get the help bunged up, and I got buddies on this pike that I don't want to see hurt."

The superintendent stared and said, "I beg your pardon?"

Russ Ward tittered, but quickly shut up. Hi talked volubly without saying much.

Moon-Face was grim and groggy. That lanky brakeman had him baffled, but Faber wouldn't admit it. Finally he asked the witness to sit down. And in that hazy state of mind he rendered his decision.

Engineer Ward was the only man disciplined. Mr. Faber hadn't believed Ward's testimony about the

cracked steam pipe and had resented the tittering. It appeared to him that Russ had deliberately leaped from the cab instead of being blasted out by steam, had abandoned his post at a show of danger when he should have stayed on and controlled his locomotive. So Russ Ward was fired for neglect of duty.

The men fanned out into the hallway, speechless with indignation.

LIFE WENT ON. After a while, word got around that Russ had rented a little farm from his wife's people down at Galena and was living there with his Aunt Minna. On a hunch, the chief dispatcher sent Eddie Sand to Galena to assume charge of the depot and its rather large business while the regular agent took a leave of absence.

Eddie was packing his suitcase when Hi Wheeler dropped in for a talk. "Mebbe you'll run across Russ at Galena," the brakeman hinted.

"I'll make a point of it," said Eddie.

"Russ ain't no farmer," Hi rambled on, "and he don't want to be. He's a runner. Been on the smoky end ever since the Whitewater Central was built. I hear he's havin' a tough time wrestlin' with the land."

"I said I'd see him," Eddie stated.

Hi changed the subject. "They're beginnin' to build a dam just above Galena. Mebbe I can wangle a job on one of them gravel trains and visit you sometimes," he added.

That afternoon, Eddie boarded the local. At Galena he found himself in a large country station at a crossroads town on a branch line, with two young men to help him. One was Tod Graney, the clerk and operator, soft-spoken and reserved, who knew his job and could turn out considerable work without fuss. The other fellow, Johnny Acree, was the student operator, a ham who had come in from the farm to learn railroading by doing odd jobs around the depot. Johnny had a high regard for his duties. He believed the Whitewater Central was a sacred institution and he'd fight, if necessary, to prove it.

It was fine to be back in the fast

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action of a big station, Eddie reflected. He lost no time in calling on Russ Ward and Aunt Minna, who lived in a rambling old farmhouse not too far from the depot. They invited Eddie to board with them and he accepted. They gave him a welcome that had nothing to do, in its warmth, with the little he would contribute to their resources.

In the forenoon slack, after the two morning trains had gone down, when the LCL had been sorted and the waybills expensed, that was when you got your station reorganized and ready for the two trains to return in the afternoon. Only the chatter of telegraph instruments cut into the quiet at the big station.

Johnny Acree was down at the stock pens where they were loading six cars of steers. Tod Graney, the operator, had gone uptown to deliver a Western Union message and to inspect a damaged freight shipment.

The agent at Banyon, next station west, called Eddie on the message-wire and flipped the cryptic signal that MF (the "all highest") was headed his way. But Eddie couldn't understand how the superintendent could be coming, because no regular train was due from that direction and there was no special on the branch.

Eddie queried cautiously: "Don't get you. How's he traveling?"

"On his velocipede," the agent shot back. "Don't you know? He pumps himself a velocipede when he goes on inspection."

Eddie sent "Tnx" (thanks) and settled himself at the telegraph table to review a file two inches thick, from the freight claim agent.

PRESENTLY the slow rumble of flanged wheels drifted into the open windows. A velocipede cutting through the heat haze bore down on the station. The man aboard swayed in a stubborn rhythm that drove the little vehicle ahead rapidly. That wasn't reasonable, but there it was.

Johnny came up from the yard, hung his rack of tin car seals on a nail beside the freight platform and bustled into the freight room to do some billing.

The velocipede drew up at the lower end of the platform. Superintendent Faber unwound his long legs and dismounted. Then he lifted the machine from the track and set it in the clear. He mopped his face as he walked deliberately up the platform, scrutinizing all the visible property of the Whitewater Central with serious concern.

His eye fell on the rack of car seals, and he unhooked the wire bail. Each seal was numbered; they should be in numerical order. He fingered them to see if this was so. At that junction Johnny popped out of the freight-room door. He froze at point, like a questing bird dog, when he saw the man's profane hand upon the car seals he was responsible for.

"Hey!" he called sharply. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

The superintendent glanced up, startled, Eddie blinked at the two. It hadn't occurred to him that Johnny had never before met his boss.

Mr. Faber's reply was severe. "I was merely inspecting these car seals to ascertain if they were being kept in their proper order."

That should have tipped the ham that he was dealing with authority, but the kid's sense of responsibility had destroyed his caution.

"You," he instructed, "keep your damned fingers off them seals!"

Moon-Face flinched. "Young man, rowdy speech is not tolerated here, nor disrespect."

"Yeah?" said Johnny. "Neither is monkeying with company property. People think 'cause it belongs to the railroad it ain't a sin to steal it."

He had likely saved his scalp by that last remark, which appealed to Mr. Faber's thrifty soul.

The super answered: "Your zeal in protecting company property is commendable, but your manners are not. You must modify your attitude."

He hung the rack of seals on the nail and slowly marched up the platform. Johnny's eyes bugged as he watched him go.

Eddie opened the office door for the superintendent. "Like to look over the premises?"

They went through to the spacious room where the freight was stacked neatly and the floor swept. The ham stood at the high desk, making out livestock contracts.

"Johnny," said Eddie, "I want you to meet our superintendent, Mr. Faber."

The ham turned; his hand came out. When he heard the name of their visitor his eyes glazed and he felt faint.

Back in his office with the super, Eddie explained quietly: "These young fellows just off the farm usually make good men if they're broken in right. First you've got to teach them their responsibilities to the company and then instruct them in politeness."

"It must be a problem," said Faber.

Meanwhile, a short distance away, ex-hogger Russ Ward was struggling unhappily with farm drudgery. He

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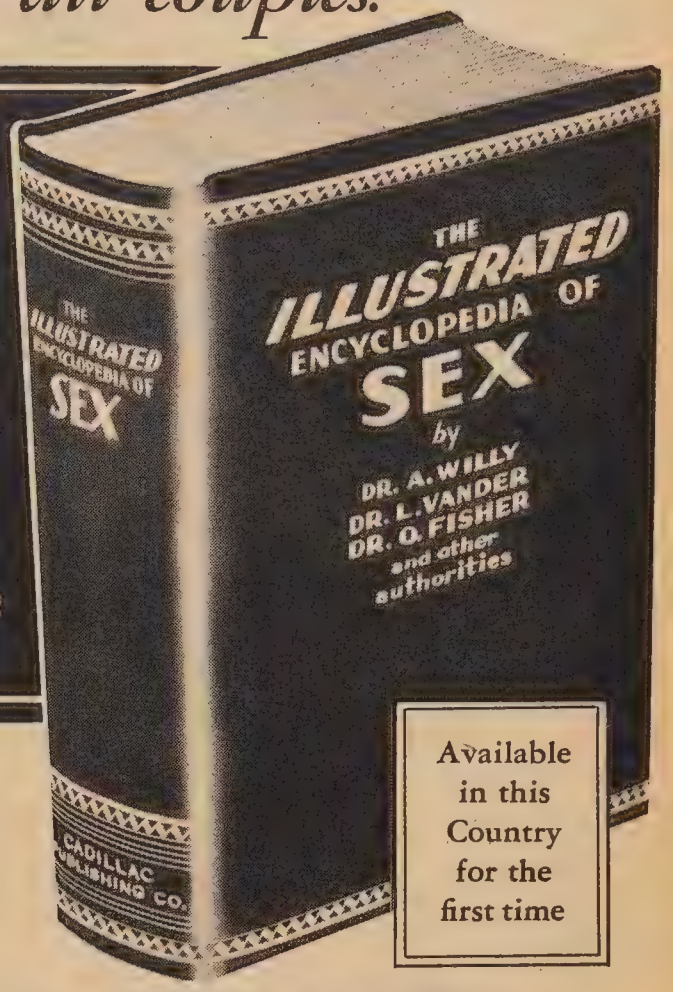

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couldn't put his heart into it after many bright years on the high iron. Behind his stoic calm was a gnawing resentment at the raw deal he had received.

Eddie, the star boarder, did what he could to cheer up the old fellow. That night after he super's visit to the station, Russ and his old aunt retired to their rooms early, worn out with the day's work, leaving the brass-pounder alone. Eddie sat up late on the front porch. A cicada whirred in the quiet trees.

The kerosene lamps went out in the windows above him. Eddie knew that a man in torment, unjustly branded a coward, lay tossing up there in the shadow, alert to catch the mournful wail of a locomotive drifting across the valley. You gave your best to a railroad company over the years, but it all went for nothing when an asinine brass collar misjudged a freak accident that could have happened to anyone.

Thinking these things, the boomer finally went to bed.

EDDIE SAND was not unfamiliar with country girls. He had known many of them, one way or another, in his journeys along the boomer trail. He realized how inquisitive a country girl could be about a young man, such as himself, fresh from the outer world. Even so, it surprised him one evening when he was working overtime in the station to hear the wall telephone suddenly break the rural quiet.

He picked up the receiver. A sweet soprano voice came over the wire.

"It seems that you and I are the only ones on late duty. I'm the night telephone operator, just across the street from you."

That's a new approach, Eddie thought, glancing out the window. It was after nine o'clock. Sure enough, he saw a solitary light in the second story of the brick bank building on the corner.

"How nice of you to call!" he replied. "I've just finished my day's work and would like to see you on my way home. Does the phone company have a rule against night visitors?"

"It does not, and I'll be waiting for you, Mr. Sand. I am Martha Holt."

Eddie was flabbergasted. "Glad to meet you, Miss Holt, but how did you ever learn my name?"

A low musical laugh floated over the wire. "I will tell you when you get here."

Eddie crossed the dimly lit street with a swinging stride and climbed the wooden stairs. Martha Holt, perched on a high stool facing her switchboard, proved to be a willowy blonde with provocative curves and a saucy smile. Her sky-blue silk shirtwaist matched the color of her eyes.

"Good evening," he said cautiously. "You're as pretty as your voice."

"Thank you, sir," she said.

He noticed the daring bulges of her shirtwaist. Obviously Martha Holt was not wearing a corset like the other young ladies of her day. He studied her a few seconds.

Again that tantalyzing little laugh. "Haven't you ever seen a woman before?"

"Sure, lots of them," said the boomer, "but nobody quite like you." He went on quickly, "You were going to tell me how you learned my name."

"Oh, yes. Your telegraph operator, Tod Graney, told me. Tod and I have been keeping company for two years."

"Then you're engaged?" he blundered.

The girl held up a shapely white hand to show it had no ring. "No, I am not," she said frankly. "Tod has never asked me."

Eddie fumbled for words. "Well," he admitted, "Tod is a bit shy. I know that much about him."

"Shy?" Her lips curled in scorn. "Every Wednesday is my night off, but what do we do? Play bridge! Sometimes we go to the Bijou to see Mary Pickford or the Mack Sennet bathing beauties. And on Sunday, right after church, Tod usually goes fishing. It's a routine—and I hate routines."

"So do I," said Eddie. "Maybe you should do something about it, like stepping out with a traveling salesman."

She pondered. "That might be a good idea. It just might."

Martha was as colorful as the flaming reds and yellows of early autumn. After their first meeting, Eddie got into the habit of dropping over to see her occasionally at night, and sometimes she would find an excuse to visit the railroad station in daytime. Eddie needed female companionship, as who doesn't? Aside from that, he soon learned that Martha was well informed on what went in town, keeping a finger on the community pulse, and was in a position to give some sound advice about his agency job.

TWO WEEKS passed, and Hi Wheeler showed up on the gravel train. Eddie first caught sight of him hanging from the gangway of the work engine as it neared the station. Hi was clowning derisively at Eddie. Then suddenly he swept off his battered old hat and bowed with a grin.

Eddie looked around curiously. What had caused the quick change? He didn't have far to look. Martha Holt, her hair ruffled by the breeze, was posturing on the station platform just outside the telegraph bay, waving at the engine. Her blue eyes sparkled with racy good humor.

The work train was making slow headway. As it came abreast of the girl Hi dropped off, totally ignored Eddie, and stood beside Martha. He must have said something amusing, for the two of them kept laughing and chattering until the caboose came along. Then the brakeman swung aboard with a final gesture of gallantry, and the phone girl blew him a kiss.

Eddie chuckled. So Martha was broadening her circle of friends! Well, she might have done worse. That lanky brakeman was a push-over for blondes. Despite his lack of finesse, Hi was a ladies' man. At any rate, he had won the first round with

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Martha Holt. But if Martha was Tod Graney's girl, Tod should give her more attention. Eddie glanced at him. The shy, conscientious operator was so busy at the ticket window that he could not have witnessed this episode, which was just as well.

That night, Eddie worked late, cleaning up a heavy day's chores. He was totaling the cash book when a faint sound, a stealthy mutter of flanged wheels, broke in on his accounting. He thought Superintendent Faber was again on the prowl, and opened the door, peering down the track.

A figure silhouetted against the low stars was coming toward him in a long blur that bent and straightened in rhythmic motion. The vehicle wasn't a velocipede, but a hand-car, which isn't easy for one man to propel. Somebody was straining mightily at the handle bars.

The car paused down by the stock pens. The figure dismounted and began wrestling with the car to remove it from the rails. It was an arduous task. A bawdy remark drifted faintly in the quiet dark as the man struggled.

Eddie was suspicious of anyone who would sneak into town at night on a piece of company equipment. He moved warily across the platform and along a line of cars on the team track to find out what was going on.

The man straightened, brushed himself off. There was something familiar in that long, limber figure. And when Eddie heard a muttered "Dog-gone!" he knew it was Hi Wheeler. Hi had likely borrowed the car, legally or otherwise, and come for a visit. Since the work train tied up at the junction, a little thing like pumping several miles would be a mild stunt for a boomer brakeman.

Eddie was about to hail him when Hi set his hat at a rakish angle, ambled briskly across the yard, and turned up the dim stairway entrance to the telephone exchange. He was calling on Martha!

That guy was a fast worker, especially with blondes. Eddie grinned and withdrew.

Next morning, he heard a message going over the wire from the section foreman to the roadmaster, reporting that someone had taken out his hand-car during the night and had returned it with a chipped flange on one wheel.

In reply, the roadmaster ordered his foreman to fasten his toolhouse with something besides a switch lock. Later, Mr. Faber instructed the agent at the junction to report the matter to the police.

HI WHEELER was forever creating an uproar with his pranks. This time they'd toss him into jail if they caught him. And it would be just like Hi to brag about it. But that brass collar from Boston wasn't easy to fool.

The next day was Saturday, a busy day at the station, with monthly reports due. Eddie would have to work that night. Tod Graney said he'd come back after supper and help.

"But look, Tod," said Eddie, "why don't you visit your girl friend in the telephone exchange? It's Saturday night!"

"No, thanks," he replied. "She is not expecting me."

"A woman doesn't always want you to do what's expected," Eddie argued. "Why not surprise her? Maybe she'd like it."

Tod shook his head. "She sees enough of me. I'll be back after supper."

His pale cheeks flushed a little. Ted Graney was, indeed, shy.

Outside, the stars were being blotted out rapidly by storm clouds as Eddie returned to the station after the evening meal. Lightning flared in the mountains and thunder spilled into the valley. Tod was already there, writing up the monthly ticket report. The stubs flipped rapidly through his thin fingers as he entered them in a neat hand.

Johnny Acree sat doubled over the telegraph table, his short legs wrapped around the chair and his tongue writhing in his cheek as he tried to copy from the slowly-ticking sounder. Another ham, at the next station east, was sending to him for practice. Johnny convulsed as he wrote down an occasional word of it, and puzzled over the rest.

Eddie fell to abstracting a stack of Well Fargo waybills. The stolid stride of the clock and the snick of the sounder barely broke the silence. Flashes of lightning flickered on the bay window in quick glimmers while thunder jarred the room.

Then another light mirrored in the windows, a locomotive headlight beam—but no locomotive was scheduled on the Galena branch of Saturday nights!

Eddie listened. He caught the slow clank of brasses and the sluggish chuff of an exhaust through the mutter of thunder. This was preposterous. First a velocipede, then a hand-car, and now a stray locomotive roaming the dark countryside! He got up quietly and stalked out.

A lone engine was plainly heading into the siding that served an ancient grain elevator. Eddie watched the switchlight turn. Then the engine moved up to the big double doors of the loading shed. A man got down from the cab, swung the doors open, and eased the locomotive inside. The headlight went out. He closed the doors.

EDDIE swore as he recognized the ramshackle blur that slithered along a string of cars on the house track.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

The blur froze, and Hi's hoarse whisper came out of the gloom: "Dog-gone it, Eddie! Is that you?"

Hi edged forward, peering. He carried a slicker and wore his good blue suit. Slapping Eddie on the back, he exclaimed:

"You damn near scared me. Why you prowlin' about in the dark?"

"Now, wait a minute!" Eddie headed him off. "*You're* on the prowl, and this time with a stolen locomotive. How come?"

Hi snickered. "There was nothin' doin' at the junction," he said, "so I

thought I'd borrow the hand-car and drift down here to see a gal I know, and mebbe make a side trip and visit you."

"Yeah, and then you found your switch-key wouldn't fit the toolhouse lock, so you just borrowed an engine instead."

"Haw! You do find things out."

"How the hell did you manage to sneak her away?" Eddie demanded.

"The engine watchman wanted to go to a dance tonight, so I offered to keep her alive for him. But I didn't say where."

"Some of these days," Eddie warned, "you'll wake up in the jailhouse."

"Aw, Eddie, they wouldn't."

"If Moon-Face Faber catches you with this engine, he sure will."

"But he won't catch me," said the brakeman. "There ain't a station open between here and the junction, and I'll have her back in time."

They had reached the platform and were standing beside the lighted station window. Hi said that before long he'd return to fix the engine fire and would stop at the depot if there was still a light. Then he crossed the street and disappeared up the stairway.

That guy is exposing himself to real trouble, and all because of a woman, Eddie reflected, *but many's the time I've done it myself. Only this time he'd better be extra careful.*

Eddie shook his head and turned into the station. Johnny Acree greeted him with a sly grin, gestured with a thumb at Tod, and nodded toward the bank building across the street. The ham knew what wos going on.

Eddie went back to his Wells Fargo waybills. The wind whipped up and flung raindrops against the windows. Then for sixty seconds a deluge swept the valley. After that, rain drummed steadily on the roof. Tod began sorting the ticket report into the tissue book, spreading wet cloths over each sheet.

"Balanced the first time," he boasted mildly, and squeezed the book in the copying press.

WIND came in gusts. The old station crawled with queer sounds. Eddie thought he heard flanged wheels again. These clandestine movements of stray equipment were making him jumpy. Then he nearly fell out of his chair as the door swung open on a burst of wind and was crowded shut again.

M. F. Faber, division superintendent, stood there in the trainmen's room, across the wide counter.

The clock pounded out ten slow seconds. Tod Graney, by the press, waiting for his reports to cook, stiffened and stared. Johnny half turned from the telegraph table, unhooked his paw and let it sag. Eddie blinked thoughtfully.

Mr. Faber's hat and raincoat ran water. But his eyes were dry and level, and his voice crackled.

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"One of our locomotives has been stolen from the junction yard," he said without greeting. "She was taken down this branch and I believe she was brought here."

You had to give this Bostonian credit for tenacity. Evidently he'd been checking on that stolen hand-car, had come upon the fact that he'd now lost an engine, and had bucked the storm on his go-buggy to run her down. The Old Man would be harsh if he caught the culprit. He'd be tough to circumvent, too. But Eddie aimed to keep Hi out of the jug, and he greeted politely:

"Good evening, Mr. Faber."

The brass collar was fair enough not to resent his lack of manners being pointed out by insinuation.

"Good evening!" He nodded and glanced around. "I didn't know you kept this office open of nights."

"Not open for business," Eddie told him. "We're just catching up on our monthly reports."

The superintendent studied the boomer's quiet alertness and caught the flicker of lamplight glinting the red hair. He realized vaguely that this young veteran, who had learned his railroading down where the traffic rolled, wasn't maneuverable like a cog in a machine. Here in the open country, shut in by the dark curtain of storm, he felt his authority being challenged.

"I am looking for engine 580," he said, "and the man who stole her."

Eddie raised an eyebrow. "The 580 was on the gravel train that passed here this afternoon."

"That is correct," Moon-Face acquiesced. "And then she was stolen from the junction yard, possibly by the same man who took a hand-car last night. I mean to locate them both—especially the man," he said.

Faber was taking it hard. The tough part was that he could make it stick; and after Hi got out of jail he would work "under a flag" thereafter, or not at all.

"If you think the 580 was brought here," Eddie suggested, "suppose we search the yard. It's pretty full of cars and she might be hidden among them. I'll get my raincoat."

His scheme was to lure Faber out of the office and then rush back for a second on some pretext and tip Johnny to get word to Hi that the super was on his tail. In that event the brakeman could make himself scarce.

Mr. Faber himself checked this scheme. "I have already searched your yard." He watched Eddie like a cat at a rathole. "The 580 isn't on any of the sidings that I can find."

That was some relief. Hi was smarter than you'd think, hiding her in that old shed. Eddie's facial expression was a bland inquiry.

"I was just wondering," Mr. Faber slipped his words sharply, "if she had passed through here since dark."

THE WIND howled down the valley. Johnny worked the key laboriously. He had no skill, and apparently Moon-Face's abrupt entrance had shredded his nerves. Tod Graney, still waiting by the press for his ticket report to cook, *answered* the super.

"No, sir, I'm sure nothing has gone by this station since 51 left."

That didn't leave any chance to encourage Mr. Faber to continue on down the branch in search of the 580. Eddie glanced out the bay window. Lights in the telephone exchange showed dimly through the rain. Hi was up there, gaily unconscious of the doom that stalked him.

Eddie considered how he could divert Johnny's attention and send him out to warn the culprit. But the ham was too much absorbed in mangling Morse.

Mr. Faber said: "Then she must be hereabouts. I am unable to identify the man, but it is rumored that he came down here to Galena on the stolen hand-car to see a woman of whom he is enamored."

Enamored of a woman! Hiram Wheeler would chortle when he heard that one. So the dope had been bragging of his romantic exploits again, and Moon-Face had unearthed fragments of gossip!

"Could I help you?" Eddie asked.

"I think not," Mr. Faber pondered. "It occurs to me that if the thief had a rendezvous here he may stop at this station coming from his tryst, provided he sees a light. Assuming he is one of our employes, he might be a friend of yours, or at least an acquaintance, in which case he would be sure to call."

"If this fella is making love to his girl," Eddie remarked, "he's likely to be out all night." The boomer gestured courteously. "Won't you come in and sit down, Mr. Faber? I'll get on with the monthly reports."

"Thank you." Moon-Face strode in and took off his raincoat. He studied Johnny, who was convulsing at the telegraph table, and inquired, "What is that boy doing?"

Johnny's hand wobbled on the key as a high-voltage current had hit him.

"Practicing telegraphy," said Eddie.

"Why, that is quite commendable!"

Eddie glanced at the clock. It was getting late. Any moment now Hi might blunder in on his way to stoke the 580. He began to devise cryptic words which he might insinuate into a telephone call to Martha, asking her to warn Hi. He'd have to rig something at once.

Tod Graney took the book from the press and began stripping tissue sheets from the damp reports. Johnny

continued to wrestle with the key, and suddenly Eddie was conscious that the ham was wringing something dimly familiar from the sounder. He analyzed the sounds closely. Johnny was crudely making Eddie's own personal sign.

"DY, DY, DY," the sounder thumped.

The brass tongue retched in spasms. Eddie had to listen closely, with all his keen telegrapher's senses, to piece together the obscure and broken words: *"Want me to go tell Hi?"*

The ham had briefed his query to that, but it took him five minutes to wrest it from the key. Anyhow, he was learning how to circumvent railway officials.

Eddie cleared his throat. "Look, Johnny," he said, "it's getting late and your mother might be worried. Don't you think you'd better toddle along home?"

"Okay," the kid said faintly. He got up, went to the closet, and pulled out his slicker. He looked at Eddie and got a slight wink. Then he swaggered to the door.

"Good night everybody," he said bravely. But he did not leave.

A BLADE of lightning ripped across the sky and showed a running figure out there in the brief flare. Then big feet slapped the planking of the station platform. The door was flung open and shut in an abrupt explosion.

"Hya, Eddie!" Hi Wheeler shouted. "It's a swell night for ducks."

He strode into the office, dripping like a wet spaniel. Mr. Faber stood up. Hi stopped in a short skid.

"I remember you," the superintendent bristled. "I do, indeed. I read a transcript of your testimony at the hearing on that engine accident at Waverly and I still could make nothing of it."

The reckless clowning slipped away from Hi. His eyes beaded to sharp points.

"How'dy, Mr. Faber."

"Where is that locomotive you stole from the junction this evening?" the zealous official demanded.

"Locomotive?" Hi shied.

"The 580," Faber said ominously. "We made a caboose bounce to the junction with her after we'd set out the gravel train at the dam," Hi offered.

He didn't look at Eddie. These two boomers were practiced in backing each other up without prompting.

"It is my aim," Mr. Faber announced, "to rectify conditions on this division. I will prosecute malefactors wherever I find them." He turned on Eddie. "You, Mr. Sand, are an accessory to the theft, and I will show that you were in open court."

"You think you will," said Eddie.

But the cold rigorous man was unbending. "Insolence," he warned, "will only add to your punishment. Now tell me where the 580 is concealed."

Wind whooped and rain clawed at the window. The sounder, switched over to the message wire, clicked once and stopped. The relay on the dispatcher's wire opened with a soft spat. Both wires had gone out at the same time. The storm was getting destructive.

Mr. Faber put on his soggy hat and picked up his raincoat. "Mr. Sand, you are under bond at this station. It would be safest for you to remain, performing your duties, until you are properly relieved."

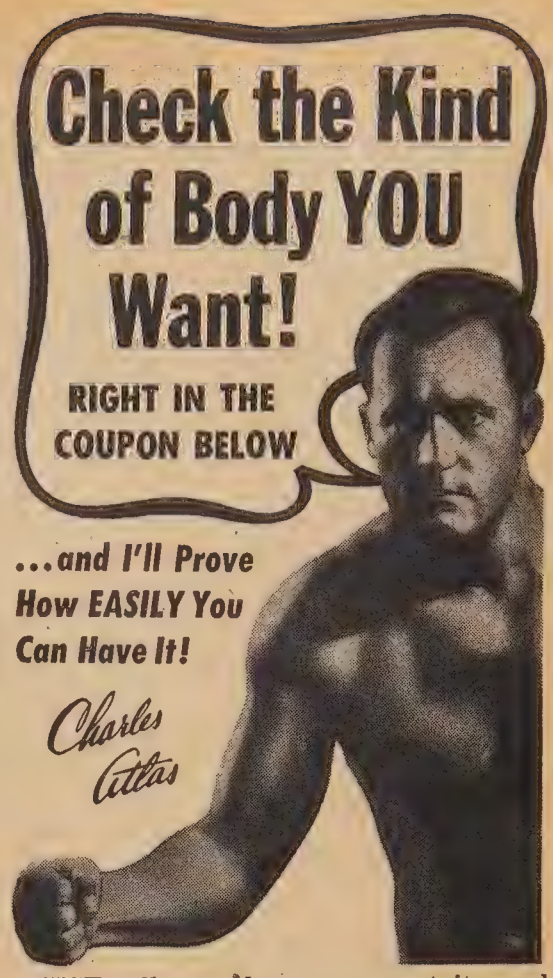
"You don't understand this," Eddie nodded, "but I have never run out on a job yet."

"As for you," Moon-Face turned to Hi Wheeler, "I presume you will try to escape arrest. Even if you do, I can promise that you will never work for another railroad in the States or Canada."

"Wrong again, mister." Hi grinned. "I've worked under a flag before. I've got more names than you've got boxcars."

Sliding into his coat, M. F. Faber put his hand on the door knob. Just then the telephone rang with a throaty rasp. Eddie unhooked the receiver. It would probably be Martha with a bit of gossip.

"I'll call you back in a minute," he said into the transmitter. And



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then he listened quietly to her crisp voice, while the clock stamped off sixty slow seconds, and the rest of them watched curiously.

"Thanks," he said. "Stand by!"

He hung up and returned to his desk. Then: "Telephone operator says the forest ranger reports very heavy rain in the mountains and the Whitewater River is up to flood stage. It's begun to cut into the bank below the dam where all those cars of material are stowed."

FABER let go the door and came back to the counter. "I wonder if it is endangering our bridge, too? I would like to have more information on that."

"We'd better go over to the telephone office and hear what else the operator knows," Eddie advised.

"The telephone operator? What on earth could she tell us?"

"You might be surprised."

The boomer plucked his raincoat from the closet and said, "Let's go!"

Johnny held the door open. Mr. Faber said, "Thank you," and went out.

The rain swirled over them in slashing gusts as they crossed the street. They stamped up the dim wooden sairway.

"Miss Holt," Eddie introduced, "this is Mr. Faber, our division superintendent."

Martha smiled and nodded. "Good evening, gentlemen!"

"Mr. Faber is worried about flood conditions at the dam. What can you tell him?"

"No more than I have told you," Martha replied. "But I think I can raise Carl Burk at the dam, if you want to talk with him."

"I do," said Faber.

He took down the receiver and listened. The parley went on endlessly. Moon-Face had found someone who spoke his language and he used engineering terms readily.

At length he turned from the phone. "Burk is unable to see how our bridge is faring, but he says the force of the water is cutting into the bank badly. He recommends that we move all those cars of material we have stored on the sidings below the dam.' '

"It would be a good idea," said Hi.

Moon-Face was finding it hard to keep up with the explosive events. "If we had a locomotive here," he said, "we would have time to move those cars out of the way of a possible flood."

"Sure," said Hi, "if we had."

Eddie broke in: "Johnny, you dash over to Russ Ward's house and tell him the 580 is in the loading shed at the old grain elevator. Tell him to go over there right now, shake up the fire, and get her ready to roll, and whistle out the section gang first thing."

Johnny began his sprint from a standing start. "Miss Holt," he yelled from the hallway, "please call my ma and tell her I'll be home later.' H'e thundered down the stairs.

"All right, Eddie," said Hi, "but I wouldn't turn a hand for a brass collar who threatens to put me in jail."

"He won't jail you," Eddie scoffed.

The super suddenly came to life. "Did you say Russ Ward, Mr. Sand? He is the engineer I discharged for lack of courage. He is out of service."

"He'd better not be from now on," Eddie warned. "He's the only hog-head available to move those cars."

"What about Wheeler? He brought the locomotive down here."

"Yeah," Hi jeered. "Even a kid can run a light engine. It takes a lotta know-how when you've got a string of cars tied to her."

"But will Ward respond, after being discharged?" Mr. Faber asked.

"Of course he will," said Eddie. "You don't savvy how the oldtimers feel about their jobs. When Russ gets the call he won't even think about the raw deal he got."

Hi was leaning on the switchboard, chinning with the pretty blonde, much to Tod Graney's obvious annoyance. Tod fidgeted and flushed.

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Eddie spoke up. "We'll grab some lanterns at the station. Tod, you stay here with Martha and try to phone the dispatcher. The wires are down, but you'd better stick around in case they come in."

As they splashed across the street, the 580's whistle screamed in the wet darkness. Russ Ward was calling out the section gang.

RUSS had the 580 backed out of the shed and her headlight on. Mr. Faber addressed him stiffly. "I don't know how this is going to work out, Ward."

"None of us do," Russ answered. He stooped at the firebox, holding the shovel upside down at the door to shade his eyes as he checked the fire. "Haven't we got a fireman?"

"Naw," said Hi, "but I'll keep her hot for you." He rolled down the storm curtains.

The section foreman crawled into the cab as they straightened out of the wye, and they paused at the section house for the gang to stack tools on top of the tank. Four Mexicans draped themselves around the boilerhead. Rain swirled in the dim cone of the headlight. Wind clawed at the storm curtains.

Eddie stood at Russ's elbow as they pushed down the main line. Russ exulted. At last he had a locomotive under his hand again! The cab was crowded and comfortably warm. Rain beat against the windows. Drenched mileposts drifted by. A switchlight broke through like a saturated green star.

"I'll get the switch," Hi shouted, and ducked under the curtain.

They eased onto the long siding. Above the hiss of steam at leaky joints and the throb of the pump, you could catch the sullen sound of rolling water.

Two more switchlights burned spots in the night ahead. Russ nipped the throttle. They climbed up under the bluffs. The 580 sagged and swayed. Her track was new and soft.

"Wheeler," said Mr. Faber, "do you know the position of all those loaded cars up here?"

"Sure," Hi nodded. "I helped spot the last of them this afternoon. There's three cars of steel and ten of cement on the upper stub, and forty-six gravel cars below."

"We will pull the gravel out first."

"Not tonight," said Hi. "This old girl couldn't pull a hen off her nest."

Russ agreed. "She feels like she'd let go all over if you beat her much." He nodded at Hi. "Get the switch, and we'll take the steel and cement first. Then the gravel."

"At least," the super fretted, "I can check the situation. Bring your men," he ordered the section boss.

Then he got down, and the gandy dancers tossed off their tools.

THEY headed in on the string of gravel cars. Lanterns made pale sparks in the slowly growing light. A Mexican in a poncho came slapping along the line of cars and called up to Russ Ward:

"The boss, he want you."

Russ and Hi and Eddie went forward. The deep roar of floodwaters sawed at the dank air. They came out onto the bank where the yellow stream made a widening channel.

Mr. Faber had employed the section gang in adding to the length of the siding. He'd had it built from rails, ties, and spikes stored here. The additional track was laid on soggy ground, with great gaps between the ties.

Hi examined the new construction. Then he winked at Eddie and made a motion suggesting wheels in Mr. Faber's head.

Through the ages, the Whitewater River had cut deep into the highlands, and the half-finished dam was set in the gorge below. Water spouted in hard jets from penstocsks on either side of the dam, nibbling at the bank. Frequent slides of earth fell into the angry flood. A new dam was being formed by debris collecting in the old railroad trestle below, backing up the water.

Mr. Faber pointed to the wild current. "The river threatens to break

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through here." He raised his voice above the bellowing flood. "I had this extension built so we could drop two or three cars of gravel into the breach."

Eddie studied it dubiously. "Sure, but how can you dump gravel into that break unless you throw the cars in, too?"

"Exactly," said the moon-faced official. "Three or four cars and their contents would shift that current away from the bank. The cost is great, but it's better than flooding the whole valley and inviting a lot of damage suits." He continued to eye the river. "The flood seems to be abating. It may not be necessary to sacrifice any cars."

"The 580 won't start that whole string," Russ warned him. "Not up against this grade. If you want any cars shoved over, we'll have to cut the string in two."

"We will wait and see how the water behaves," Mr. Forbes ordered. "I am sure it is receding."

So they waited. A misty dawn was breaking. The sun fought through rifting clouds, and suddenly the rain moved on down the valley like a wet gray curtain, retreating into the blue distance. The wind faded to a whisper, then died.

The voice of the flooding river came up clearly through the quiet, and then you could trace a faint throb pushing down ominously from the far heights. Superintendent Faber turned his face, intent and questing.

A man flung himself out onto the pathway, running desperately. As he drew nearer, the group recognized him as young Carl Burk, the engineer stationed at the dam. When he reached Mr. Faber, he gasped:

"The telephone operator just called me. Says the ranger reported a cloudburst in the mountains two hours ago. Worst he ever saw. I was outside and Miss Holt couldn't get me till just now."

FABER'S eyes went back to the river. "A flash flood," he considered, "would wash this shelf when the first crest spills over the dam."

Down below, the valley lay peacefully in early morning sun and cloud shadows. You could see ranch buildings, haystacks, and clumps of trees huddled in groups stretching away to the far horizon. A deluge could cut a swath of destruction down through the fat landscape.

Burk turned his big boots about. "I've got to return to the dam," he said, and calumped up the path.

Moon-Face turned to Engineer Ward. "See if you can start those cars," he ordered. "We must not let the flash flood ruin that valley. We will have to drop some gravel cars into the breach."

"The 580 can't move all those cars against the grade," Russ said sharply. "I'll cut off enough so she can roll and then I'll come in and shove whatever you want into the hole."

"But that would bring you into the danger zone," the super protested.

"It's the only way." Russ began to run, and Eddie loped behind him.

Hi yelled to the section boss, "Bring your gang here damn quick!" He followed close to the brass-pounder's heels. "Listen, Russ," he called, "how many cars you want left up at this end?"

"About fifteen," Russ yelled back.

"Eddie'll cut 'em," Hi puffed, "and when you get the rest started down the sidin' I'll cut your engine off. You can back out ahead of them, and then shove ahead in time to clear, and let them out behind you. A high-daddy. Okay?"

"Sure thing!"

Eddie slowed and turned to count off fifteen cars. He set the brake on the last one and put chunks under the rear wheels. The section gang streamed by. Hi barked at the foreman:

"There's about six cars down at this end that's got brakes set. Help me let them off, and then you and your gang ride them down and stop them after they've cleared this stub —if you can."

The foreman's sharp voice cracked in Spanish. Gandy dancers swarmed up between the cars and kicked off the brakes. Drawbars mumbled faintly. Eddie raised the coupling lever. The 580 stamped. Slack came out slowly and the engine blasted and the string moved with a jerk.

The men watched it closely.

Hi's long figure was draped over the pilot. It wasn't far to the switch, and those heavy loads picked up speed fast. The gangling brakeman dropped off, and Russ set the 580 down hard with the point of her pilot just clear of the switch points.

That rolling string of cars was crowding him. The 580 roared forward with the hard quarter-slip of drivers. Hi Wheeler, by the switch stand, stooped and peered as the engine surged ahead and the string closed in on her .

A FAINT crash ruffled the echoes along the bluffs. The 580 pulled herself clear. The rear corner of her tender was dented and torn. The string kept rolling. They'd hit, but everything was still on the iron. Hi shook his big fist at the dark grinning heads above the endgates.

"Don't you turn a brake wheel till I give you the high sign!" he yelled.

The cars whipped into a gliding speed. You could see the men nervously taking short turns on the brakes. The last car slammed over the switch-points, and Hi's arms flapped.

Russ backed down the 580. Then he sent her storming up the sidetrack. Hi swung into the cab to stoke the fire. Eddie Sand pulled the chucks from under the wheels and let off the brakes.

Meanwhile, the moon-faced superintendent had moved down to the end of the new track, his stiff lone figure braced stubbornly against the elements. He watched the 580 swoop and ram the fifteen cars ahead of her. There was a high singing overtone to the deep roar of the river.

He waved a hand as the string moved onto the new track. It might have been a gesture of hail or farewell, but certainly was not one that train and engine men understood.

Hi thumped forward at a hard run, with Eddie stepping lightly behind him. The 580 raged and stamped, and the speed of the gondolas

crept up. The new track sagged and slid under the heavy loads.

The lanky brakeman tossed Russ a "kick" sign. The string of gravel bumped slowly toward them, swaying drunkenly on the insecure rails.

A faint rumble funneled down through the gorge. The water in the river arose in a long surge and tore through the break below. It boiled into a torrent that headed for the sunny valley.

"How many do you want in there?" Hi yelled above the growing tumult.

Faber squinted. "Five, I think."

Eddie ran back and made the cut. Hi Stood out where Russ could see him as the engine moved forward. He made quick, furious signals for more speed; and then, as the head of the string neared the end of the rails, he raised both arms in a caution to slow.

The first car nosed over and shot straight down, spilling its load of gravel, and was instantly submerged in the churning water.

FABER'S look became anxious. The second car turned sidewise and disappeared. Moon-Face shook his head. The third and fourth cars splashed in and vanished. The fifth raised a welt in the rising water.

"More, please!" he called.

Hi swung the kick sign. The line of cars moved out and swayed and bucked over the edge awkwardly, and went grumbling down into the streaming muck. The end section of the new track bent over and buried itself in mud, the rest of it sinking out of sight under the weight of the loads. Superintendent Faber leaned over the crumbling bank and checked each car to its final resting place.

The 580 stormed nearer, her speed increasing. Russ Ward made the whistle screech to attract attention and then waved from the cab window for some one to come to him. Eddie streaked down the siding.

Russ yelled at him: "Cut me off so I can stop the engine before she hits the new track. It won't take her."

The redheaded boomer paced ahead and propped up the coupling lever. You could tell when a car came on to that new construction. It headed down a good foot, and careened on the sinking rails.

Russ ran the string up to the end of solid track with all the power left in the ailing 580. He gave her every ounce of air she had. She stumbled and stopped. The cars spurted ahead, then slowed sluggishly against the grade and the bobbing rails. Eddie ran forward. He could see the rear ends of the cars flip up, disengage the coupling, and dive into the soft yellow mud.

The ground slipped from under Mr. Faber's feet as he leaned out to inspect the job. He sprang back. "That's enough! The break is securely blocked."

"You gotta take 'em all now," Hi hooted. "Russ has turned 'em loose."

The last car wallowed uncertainly to the brink, tumbled over, and rested on top of the heap.

"Do you know," Moon-Face beamed, "that is almost exactly the way I planned it? Except," he added, "that it took considerably more material than I had hoped."

"But you sure plugged that hole," Eddie complimented him brazenly.

Above the dam, a gargantuan black snake crawled around the bend and plodded down the gorge, pushing the river ahead of it. The 580's whistle screamed at them.

"We've gotta get outa here," Hi Wheeler yelled, and broke into a run. Eddie and Moon-Face followed.

"This is quite decent of Ward to wait for us," said the superintendent. "Perhaps I misjudged his fortitude."

"If you hadn't," said Eddie, "we'd sure as hell be in bad shape now. Look at that water come!"

Falsework above the dam folded quietly under the long black serpent. Sharp glints danced and died. Russ began to back the 580 as they approached.

"This is going to be tight," Eddie gasped, and moved out in a final spurt. The head of that black snake crawled up over the half-finished dam and exploded geysers high into the sunlight.

Eddie and Hi went up over the pilot and swung up to the running boards on both sides of the boiler as the racing water slapped at them. Mr. Faber sprang to the pilot beam and crouched there, watching the current cover the pony trucks.

The 580 shot ahead suddenly under Russ Ward's expert hand. Water sizzled at the ashpan. The second wave reached for her as she stamped furiously back up the siding. She staggered. The drivers slipped and

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pounded as she pulled herself clear, and fled under the bluff. The three men out front dripped river water.

THE WAVES widened and flattened. Then they slunk back into the wide river-bed and fled down the valley.

They tied into the remaining cars of gravel and shoved them ahead down toward the Galena yard. Above the crazy noises of the locomotive you could hear the subsiding growl of the flood. Moon-Face explained the situation to Eddie.

"My hasty job of construction was highly effective. I doubt if there has ever been a more successful bit of emergency engineering."

"Sure was a neat job," said Eddie.

"It was well timed," Mr. Faber continued. "But I missed one factor. It had not occurred to me that the siding I so hastily laid wouldn't hold the locomotive. Ward's keen observation caused him to avoid jeopardizing his engine."

Eddie chimed in: "If Russ hadn't stuck and waited for us, it's likely we'd've been brushed off into that flood. At that, the second wave almost got us and the 580, too."

They shoved the string up the branch and stopped the engine before the station. Martha Holt, slim and shapely, came down the platform carrying a tray covered with napkins. She hurried into the office.

"That is true," Moon-Face admitted at last. "I was in error when I charged Ward with timidity. There was no trace of it during those hazardous operations." He nodded decisively. "Ward," he said, "I am constrained to say I erred. Which means, of course, that you are back in service."

Eddie asked, "What about all the time he's missed out on just because you were in error?"

That hurt his thrifty soul, but Faber agreed. "Of course, he will receive his lost pay, and all his rights restored as well."

"That's fine," Russ said quietly. He looked at Eddie. "Thanks, kid. I suspected right along that you'd arrange it. And now I'm going home for a few minutes. I'll be right back in case you fellows need me."

He walked briskly away. The men left on the station platform in the morning sun showed the wear and tear of the night. They could have been mistaken for tramps as they marched into the depot.

A LARGE pot of steaming Java stood on the office stove. The tray of sandwiches was on the desk. Martha, smiling to herself, passed the tray. Hi stuffed his face with cheese and salami sandwiches and drank his coffee noisily.

"That's real nice of you, sweetie-pie," he said, "always thinking of your boy friend Hiram."

He tried to make a pass at her when he thought no one was looking, but the telephone girl, still smiling, moved adroitly aside and faced the Galena telegrapher.

"Tod Graney," she prompted, "maybe you had better tell them."

Tod gulped twice, then blurted out: "Gentlemen, Martha and I are going to get married!"

Despite the rush of congratulations that followed, Eddie could see a hurt look in Hi Wheeler's eyes. He knew that Martha Holt wasn't the first blonde who had turned him down. Later, he took the lean brakeman aside.

"Hi," he said, "I'm thinking that you and I have been on the Whitewater Central a helluva long while. Autumn's coming on. What do you say we drift South?"

From across the swollen river a locomotive set up a plaintive wail. You could pick up faintly the chant of high-rolling wheels going to far places. Traffic was riding the high iron again after the storm's violent interruption. Hi tucked the remainder of a cheese on rye into his big mouth and dug a toothpick out of his pocket.

"Eddie, you said it. Back to the boomer trail! I can just smell the ol' Mississippi. Let's get goin'."

They looked at each other and nodded a solemn compact. Restless feet were about to begin another migration. ●

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Eleanor Moses, pride of Alaska RR.

Railroad Girl Is Miss Alaska

by ROBERT TURNBULL

A RAILROAD girl proud of her Athabascan Indian blood, Eleanor Moses, 19-year-old brunette who doesn't smoke nor drink, is the first "redskin" to be named *Miss Alaska.* As this issue of *Railroad Magazine* goes to press, she is representing not only the Alaska Railroad but also the whole Territory of her native Alaska in a competition for the title of *Miss Universe* at Long Beach, California.

Eleanor was born at Tanana (population 185) within sight of the historic bridge where President Harding drove a golden spike to mark the Alaska Railroad's completion just a few days before his death in 1923.

Her father is a laborer on the Government-owned railroad, her brother Lawrence is a track-machine operator, and Eleanor herself is a railroader by virtue of the fact that she worked as receptionist on one of the river boats which the railroad used to operate between Fairbanks and Holy Cross.

When her dad applied for a job in the Maintenance of Way department at Fairbanks, the personnel clerk asked how old he was. But the Athiabascan tribe doesn't keep birth records very well, and Henry Moses didn't know.

"Guess about 50," he ventured.

"Better make sure," the clerk said. "We don't hire anyone above 49."

Moses suddenly "remembered" he was 48, and the railroad hired him. His wages, plus what Eleanor earned in the railroad "navy," put her through high school and enabled her to matriculate this year at the University of Alaska—a far cry from the old hunting and fishing life of her tribe.

As Eleanor grew up she won dog-sled races, excelled on skis and snowshoes, and even took up ballet. At length, residents of the Territory began to pick candidates for the title *Miss Alaska.* Eleanor did some electioneering.

The railroad has a branch line out of Healy that parallels a glacial river and serves some big coal mines and the villages of Suntrana and Usibelli. One cold Saturday, after the day's train had come and gone, Eleanor learned that the folks out there on the edge of the wilderness would hold a dance in her honor that night in their recreation hall. She decided to go.

The only way to get there was by rail. No train was available, but Roadmaster John Alder came to her rescue. The girl bundled up her slim, beautiful figure in a parka and rode to the dance with him on a section gas-car. She visited the mine pits, the tunnel mouths, and the shafts—places where women from the outside world had never been seen before—and smilingly shook hands with the rough miners.

That night at the dance, word came that the men on the night shift were disappointed at not having seen her. Eleanor was then in evening dress but she didn't stop to change. Undaunted by coal dust, dimly lit passageways, or the throb of heavy machinery, she descended into the diggings to greet them one and all.

After that, Eleanor made a grand tour of the Territory as guest of the Alaska Railroad and Northern Consolidated Airlines, both of which were sponsoring her; and when the final returns came in for *Miss Alaska* she led her nearest rival by over 1000 votes.

Meanwhile, the girl had entered another contest, winning the title *Miss American Indian* at Sheridan, Wyoming. To do so she had to excel several hundred other Indian girl contestants from all over North America.

As *Miss American Indian,* the churchgoing gal with a railroad background will sit at the right side of *Miss America* in the beauty pageant to be held in Atlantic City, N. J., this September. Her address back home is 201 North Turner Street, Fairbanks, Alaska. ●

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Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

MAINE CENTRAL RR.—STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

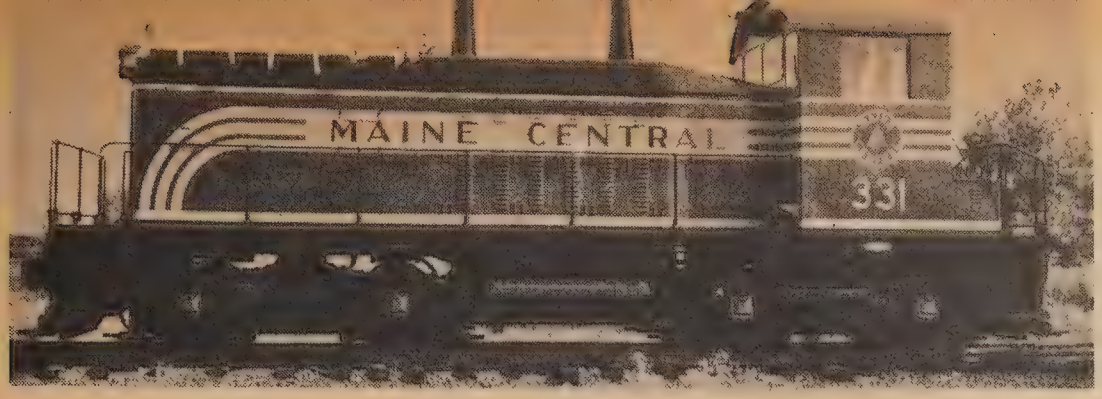
2-8-0 (Consolidation) Type)

Class	Rd. Nos.	Cyls.	Drl.	BP	Wt. on Driv.	Trac. Eff.	Bldr.	Date Built	Notes
W	501,519	22x28	63	200	171,600		Alco	1910, 13	1

MAINE CENTRAL RR.—DIESEL-ELECTRICS

Class	Rd. Nos.	HP	Builder	Bd. Mt.	Wt. Argt.	TE	Wt.	Date	Notes
DF3a	671A-672A	1500	GM-EMD	F-3A	B-B	61,700	246,800	1947	
DF3a	671B-672B	1500	GM-EMD	F-3B	B-B	61,575	246,300	1947	
DF4a	681-686	1500	GM-EMD	F-7A	B-B	58,000	232,000	1948	
DP1a	705-708	2000	GM-EMD	E-7A	AIA-AIA	53,875	318,756	1946	s
DP1a	709-711	2000	GM-EMD	E-7A	AIA-AIA	54,420	322,496	1948	s
DRS1b	551-555	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	58,242	232,900	1949	
DRS1d	556-557	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,000	248,000	1953	s
DRS1f	801-802	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	61,675	246,700	1956	2
DRS3a	561-565	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	61,800	247,200	1950	
DRS3a	566-569	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	61,000	244,000	1953	
DRS3b	571-573	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	61,950	247,800	1950	s
DRS3b	574-580	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	62,040	248,160	1951-'52	s
DRS3d	581	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	61,650	246,600	1950	s,3
DS1a	11-17	380	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,225	89,600	1941-'42, '45-'47	
DS2d	951-952	600	Alco		B-B	49,325	197,300	1939	
DS3b	953-956	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,075	196,300	1953	
DS3b	957-960	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,400	197,600	1949	
DS3b	961-962	660	Alco-GE	S3	B-B	49,675	198,700	1941,'45,'47	
DS4b	301-303	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	58,225	232,900	1949	
DS4d	311-312	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	61,375	245,500	1950	
DS4d	313-317	1000	Alco-GE	S4	-B	61,375	245,500	1951,'54	
DS5a	331-333	1200	GM-EMD	SW-7	B-B	61,875	247,500	1950	
DS5a	334-335	1200	GM-EMD	SW-9	B-B	61,875	247,500	1951,'53	

This pic and two at top of next page show Maine Central Nos. 681, 331, and 562.



Gerald O. Boothby

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PORTLAND TERMINAL CO.—DIESEL-ELECTRICS

DRS1f	1082	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	61,675	246,700	1956	2
DRS3d	1081	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	61,650	246,600	1950	3,s
DS2d	1001-1003	600	Alco		B-B	50,000	197,300	1936	4
DS2d	1004	600	Alco		B-B	50,000	197,800	1938	4
DS3b	1005	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,125	196,500	1941	
DS3b	1006-1008	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,475	197,900	1945,'49	4
DS3b	1101	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,230	196,920	1950	5
DS4b	1051-1054	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,750	231,000	1941,'43 '47,'49	4
DS4b	1055-1058	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	61,800	247,200	1950	

No. 1001 of Portland Terminal Company, which is part of Maine Central System.

NOTES AND ABBREVIATIONS

ROSTER compiled from information supplied by Maine Central's general manager and is accurate as of April 10, 1958. Abbreviations: Cyls.—cylinder dimensions in inches; Dri.—driver diameter in inches; BP—boiler pressure, pounds per square inch; Wt. on Driv.—engine weight on drivers in pounds; Trac. Eff. or TE—tractive effort in pounds; HP—horsepower; Bd. Ml.—builder's model; Wl. Argt.—wheel arrangement; Wt.—weight in pounds.

Alco — American Locomotive Co.; GM-EMD — Electromotive Division, General Motors Corp.; Alco Pr.—Alco Products; GE—General Electric.

Notes: s—equipped with steam generator.

(1) not active.

(2) Port. Term. 1082 renumbered MeC 802.

(3) Port. Term. 1081 renumbered MeC 581.

(4) 1001-1004, 1006, 1052, 1053 leased from the MeC.

(5) purchased Jan. 31, '58, from Greater Portland Public Development Corp., ex-661.

Road switchers are painted red and yellow with contrasting lettering and green tree insignia. Underbody is black. Road diesels are painted green with yellow striping and contrasting lettering and black underbodies. The Portland Terminal Co. is owned by the MeC and connects MeC tracks with the Boston & Maine at Portland.

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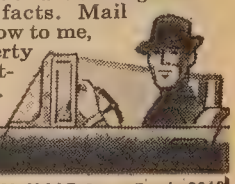

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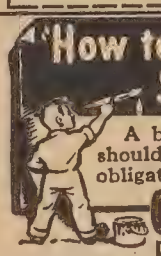

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MAIL CAR

(Continued from page 10)

they sent me to Pickering, Iowa, but it was too rural to suit me, so I took a regular job on the Chicago & North Western at Chicago without even having to buck the extra board. There I settled down as a home guard, was promoted to dispatcher and finally, after 16 years as chief, retired at age 65. I wonder how many other men worked in railroad telegraph service without having to go to the chief dispatcher's office for an exam?" ●

A TEN-FOOT alligator named Ponce de Leon chewed his way out of his cage in a freight car at Jersey City, N. J., the other day, upset numerous cases of live bees, and was fighting a losing battle with the angry insects when zoo officials rescued him.

Although most American railroads suffer from losses in passenger business, some of them, including the Norfolk & Western and the D&RGW, report that financially 1957 was the best year in their history.

Louisville & Nashville Magazine nominates for the "Railroad Hall of Fame" Webb C. Ball, watchmaker, who designed the first standard railway watch and set up the first nation-wide watch-inspection service for railroads.

A 30-inch-gage passenger railroad 2½ miles long, built in the zoo at Portland, Ore., was opened this summer in connection with the city's 50th annual Rose Festival. The line includes a real 24-foot diesel locomotive, vista-dome cars, spur tracks, an electric signal system, a telegraph system, three viaducts, and even a hand-car.

Two cops were instructed to block off a railroad crossing one night in the search for a bandit at Wayne, Mich., a suburb of Detroit. While they were trying to do so, an eastbound passenger train struck and demolished the police car, thus effectively blocking the crossing. Nobody was hurt.

Railroads spent $23 million to build the Union Station at Washington, D. C., and now pay about $1,800 a day taxes on it. In the same city is a huge airport, which cost the tax-paying public $32 million to build but is tax-exempt.

Fourteen railway stations in the United States are named Lincoln, while 21 others bear such names as Lincoln Park, Lincoln City, Lincoln Center, Lincoln Beach, Lincoln Fields, Lincolnville, and Lincolnton. While all may not have been named for the Civil War President, it is certain that most of them were.

Dirt costs the nation's railroads more than $138 million in the operation of diesel-electric locomotives, about half of which is avoidable, estimated the Pennsy's John W. Horine, addressing a conference of mechanical and electrical engineers in Cleveland the other day. He said dirt, including poor cleaning methods, accounts for about 25 percent of the total cost of maintaining diesels for service.

A Norfolk & Western advertisement headed, "Every Man in Alcatraz Was Once a Boy," has won the *Saturday Review* award as the best public-service ad in America for 1957. The ad depicts Boy Scouts on a camping trip. It says, "No man who ever lived was born to be bad," and it points out how scouting influences the formative years in youngsters' lives.

Carl Fallberg's *Fiddletown & Cooperopolis* cartoons, which appeared in *Railroad Magazine* for years, will be published in book form, probably this fall, by Hungerford Press, 6951 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, Calif. ●

TWO rival editors, Freeman Hubbard of *Railroad* and Dave Morgan of *Trains,* met for the first time and "talked shop" last May at the dedication of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie's new electronic Gateway Yard in Youngstown, Ohio.

On that same day Hubbard interviewed Chairman Freese of the Interstate Commerce Commission, asking him, "What would you say to the charge that the railroads are regulated excessively?" The ICC chairman refused to admit that they were. Then Hubbard asked, "Isn't it true that the railroads are regulated more than the other forms of interstate transportation?" No, Mr. Freese did not think so. ●

ABOUT 50 years ago, recalls Forrest L. McClanahan, 121 E. 8th St., Paris, Ky., "my father started to bring home your magazine (then called *Railroad Man's Magazine*) and I read it

from cover to cover, as I do now. My favorite author is Haywire Mac, who recently crossed his last bridge into the Great Beyond. I also like Harry Bedwell's stories very much.

"Dad was foreman of a Louisville & Nashville bridge and building crew. He stayed in that department about 35 years on the old Kentucky (now Cincinnati) Division and traveled in camp cars, working on bridges, depots, section houses, stock pens, and the like. In 1910, at age 16, I joined his crew.

"In 1914 I tried to get a job of firing locomotives, but the master mechanic said I was too young. Today I am driving a U. S. Mail truck over a route that follows the Paris and Mayville branch of the railway I used to work on. The L&N no longer has mail or passenger service on that line." ●

80 YEARS AGO, when he was a very young news butcher selling magazines on a Katy train, "we were held up by the Jesse James gang," recalls Richard Burmie Lloyd, now a nonagenarian living at Winnipeg, Canada. The stickup occurred in what is now Oklahoma.

"They got on the last car and suddenly three of them turned up in my coach," he says. "Jesse threatened to shoot anyone who caused trouble, but I wasn't scared, just excited. I remember Jesse as clean-shaven and dark, with sparse features. The gang filled a burlap bag with loot and fled."

Walter Baum, 89, who is a retired Illinois Central hogger of Champaign, Ill., recalls that nearly 58 years ago he was fireman of the crew that helped to pick up the disabled engine of Casey Jones, No. 638, after the fatal crash. The wreckage was filed onto two flatcars and taken to the Chicago yards, where the IC's main shops were then located. No. 638 was rebuilt and put back into service. ●

RUNAWAY. Cyril E. F. Evans, 16 Albany St., St. Albans, Christchurch N. 1, New Zealand, has been reading *Railroad Magazine* for about 20 years. "I enjoy the entire magazine," he states, "especially Harry Bedwell's fiction stories."

Mr. Evans tells us that a railcar with 120 people on board ran away on a 1 in 33 grade in the 5¼-mile Otira Tunnel in his country. Quick thinking of the car's crew and a railway shift clerk averted a catastrophe.

The driver, Max Wilson, and the guard, M. J. Fahey, were together in the front compartment when the runaway occurred. The brakes in this unit failed to hold. Mr. Wilson decided to get back into the rear unit, if he could, to apply the brakes. But there is no direct access between the units, so he pushed his way through the rear window of the guard's compartment, with Mr. Fahey gripping his feet.

While the cars gathered speed and jolted back through the tunnel, Mr. Wilson hung down the outside of the car and swung himself up to grasp hold of the back unit and squeeze his way into the second car.

As Wilson at one end of the car and Fahey at the other end vainly wrestled with the brakes, Clerk Kevin O'Keefe in his office at Otira station quickly shifted three sets of points to divert the railcars to a runaway siding when it hurtled from the tunnel portal.

Clinging to the rails almost miraculously, the railcar finally plowed through a big earth stopbank and down a 40-foot embankment. There it stopped. ●

Next Issue—December (out Oct. 3)

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No steam is left on L&N or subsidiary NC&StL. The L&N's last steam run was made Jan. 28, 1957, by No. 1882, a 2-8-2 which Brooks built in 1927.
L&N Magazine

Louisville & Nashville

Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

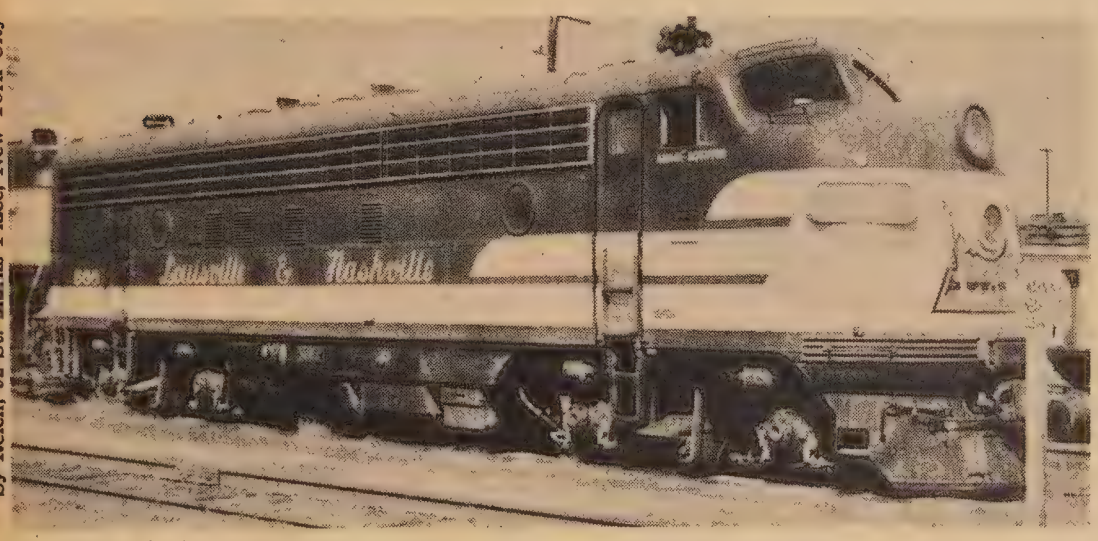
Class	Rd. Nos.	ex NC&SL	HP	Builder	Bd. Mt.	Wh. Argt.	TE	Wt.	Date	Notes
E-6	750-754, 756,770, 772,775-777	—— ——	2000	GM-EMD	E-6A	AIA-AIA	52,740	313,000	1942	m,s,tc
E-6M	755,757, 771,773, 774	—— ——	2000	GM-EMD	E-6A	AIA-AIA	52,740	313,000	1942	m,db,s,tc
E-7	758-761, 778-781	—— ——	2000	GM-EMD	E-7A	AIA-AIA	53,140	315,365	1945	m,s,tc
E-7M	790-793	—— ——	2000	GM-EMD	E-7A	AIA-AIA	53,140	315,365	1949	m,s,db,tc
E-8	794-797	—— ——	2250	GM-EMD	E-8A	AIA-AIA	55,540	333,250	1951	m,s,tc
F-7A	800-849, 900-918, 948,949	—— ——	1500	GM-EMD	F-7A	B-B	57,500	230,000	1950-'51	m,(1)
F-7B	700-716, 747-749	—— ——	1500	GM-EMD	F-7B	B-B	57,500	230,000	1950-'53	m,(2)
F-9A	919-926	—— ——	1750	GM-EMD	F-9A	B-B	58,500	234,000	1956	m
F-9B	717-720	—— ——	1750	GM-EMD	F-9B	B-B	58,400	233,600	1956	m
F-7IA	1800-1808	800-808	1500	GM-EMD	F-3A	B-B	59,500	238,000	1948-'49	m
F-7IA	1809-1831	809-831	1500	GM-EMD	F-7A	B-B	59,500	238,000	1949-'51	m
FA-2	300-321, 353-369	—— ——	1600	Alco-GE, Alco	FA-2	B-B	60,875	243,500	1952-'53 '56	m,(3)
FA-2	350-352, 383,384	—— ——	1600	Alco-GE	FA-2	B-B	63,825	255,300	1952-'53	m,s,tc
FB-2	200-211, 330,331	—— ——	1600	Alco-GE Alco	FB-2	B-B	59,950	239,800	1952-'54 '56	m
FP-7A	600-621, 650-672	—— ——	1500	GM-EMD	FP-7	B-B	64,000	256,000	1951-'52	m,s,(4)
FP-7IB	1900-1911	900-911	1500	GM-EMD	F-3B	B-B	61,250	245,000	1948-'49	m,s
FP-7IB	1912-1919	912-919	1500	GM-EMD	F-7B	B-B	61,250	245,000	1949-'50	m,s
GP-7	400-440	—— ——	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	59,075	236,300	1951-'53	(5)
GP-7	500-514, 550-552	—— ——	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	63,325	253,300	1951-'53	s,(6)
GP-7N	1700-1705	700-705	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	59,200	236,800	1950	m
GP-7N	1706-1731	706-731	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	60,500	241,990	1950-'52	m
GP-7N	1750-1754	750-754	1500	GM-EMD	GP-9A	B-B	62,080	248,310	1950-'51	m,s
GP-9	441-447	—— ——	1750	GM-EMD	GP-9A	B-B	62,000	248,000	1954	m
GP-9	448-459	—— ——	1750	GM-EMD	GP-9A	B-B	64,125	256,500	1956	m
GP-9	515-522	—— ——	1750	GM-EMD	GP-9A	B-B	62,910	251,640	1956	m,s
GP-9	553,554	—— ——	1750	GM-EMD	GP-9A	B-B	63,325	253,300	1957	m,s,tc
RS-3	100-154, 170,179, 214,255	—— ——	1600	Alco-GE Alco	RS-3	B-B	64,625	258,500	1951-'56	(7)
S-1	10	—— ——	660	Alco		B-B	50,450	201,800	1939	
S-2	16-19, 24-29, 34-75	—— ——	660	Alco-GE	SI	B-B	49,250	197,000	1941,'45, 1948-'50	
S-2	2101-2104	1-4	660	Alco-GE	SI	B-B	49,500	198,000	1941,'46	
S-3	98-99	—— ——	600	GE	70-ton	B-B	34,750	13,000	1948-'49	(10)
S-4	3100-3103	100-103	400	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1950	
S-30	11	—— ——	660	GM-EMC	SW-1	B-B	50,850	203,400	1939	
S-30	12-15	—— ——	660	GM-EMD	SW-1	B-B	49,425	197,700	1941	
S-30	2115	15	660	GM-EMD	SW-1	B-B	49,410	197,640	1941	
S-70	20-23	—— ——	660	Baldwin	VO	B-B	48,950	195,800	1941	
S-80	2105-2111	5-11	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1942,'45,'46	

The NC&StL's first EMD general purpose GP-7 was delivered in Jan., 1950.

Class	Rd. Nos.	ex NC&SL	HP	Builder	Bd. Ml.	Wl. Argt.	TE	Wt.	Date	Notes
S-80	2200-2201 2220-2224	—— ——	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,900	231,600	1943,'49	
S-80	2225-2232, 2350-2369	—— ——	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	57,900	231,600	1951-'53	
S-85	2150,2151	50,51	1000	Baldwin	VO	B-B	59,760	239,030	1943	
S-85	2202-2210	—— ——	1000	Baldwin	VO	B-B	59,475	237,900	1943-'44	
S-86	2119	19	1000	GM-EMD	NW-2	B-B	61,610	246,440	1941	
S-86	2120-2123	20-23	1000	GM-EMD	NW-2	B-B	61,690	246,780	1949	
S-86	2240-2244	—— ——	1000	GM-EMD	NW-2	B-B	61,000	244,000	1949	
S-87	2124-2133	24-33	1200	GM-EMD	SW-7	B-B	61,690	246,760	1950	
S-87	2134-2138	34-38	1200	GM-EMD	SW-9	B-B	62,125	248,500	1951	
S-87	2245-2266	—— ——	1200	GM-EMD	SW-7	B-B	62,000	248,000	1950	
S-87	2267-2296	—— ——	1200	GM-EMD	SW-9	B-B	61,000	244,000	1951,'53	
S-87	2297-2300	—— ——	1200	GM-EMD	SW-1200	B-B	61,000	244,000	1957	
S-90	2160-2162	60-62	1000	Baldwin	VO	B-B	61,000	244,000	1943	(8)
S-90	2169	69	1000	Baldwin	VO	B-B	60,280	241,140	1941	(8)

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY

DA-660	1-4	2101-2104	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	49,500	198,000	1941,'46	
DA-1000	5-11	2105-2111	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1942,'45,'46	
DB-1000	50,51,55	2150,2151	1000	Baldwin	VO	B-B	59,760	239,030	1943	(9)
DB-1200	60-62	2160-2162	1200	Baldwin	VO	B-B	61,000	244,000	1943	(8)
DB-1200	69	2169	1200	Baldwin	VO	B-B	60,280	241,140	1941	(8)
DEM-600	15	2115	660	GM-EMD	SW-1	B-B	49,410	197,640	1941	
DEM-1000	19	2119	1000	GM-EMD	NW-2	B-B	61,610	246,440	1941	
DEM-1000	20-23	2120-2123	1000	GM-EMD	NW-2	B-B	61,690	246,780	1949	
DEM-1200	24-33	2124-2133	1200	GM-EMD	SW-7	B-B	61,690	246,760	1950	
DEM-1200	34-38	2134-2138	1200	GM-EMD	SW-9	B-B	62,125	248,500	1951	
DGE-400	100-103	3100-3103	400	GE	44-ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1950	
F3-1500A	800-808	1800-1808	1500	GM-EMD	F-3A	B-B	59,500	238,000	1948-'49	m
F3-1500B	900-911	1900-1911	1500	GM-EMD	F-3B	B-B	61,250	245,000	1948-'49	m,s
F7-1500A	809-831	1809-1831	1500	GM-EMD	F-7A	B-B	59,500	238,000	1949-'51	m
F7-1500B	912-919	1912-1919	1500	GM-EMD	F-7B	B-B	61,250	245,000	1949-'50	m,s
GP-7	700-731	1700-1731	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	60,500	241,990	1950-'52	m
GP-7	750-754	1750-1754	1500	GM-EMD	GP-7	B-B	62,080	248,310	1950-'51	m,s



Sy Reich, 92 St. Marks Place, New York City

Built for heavy duty, No. 608 can exert 64,000 pounds of tractive effort.

NOTES AND ABBREVIATIONS

ROSTER compiled from information supplied by Chief Mechanical Officer, Louisville & Nashville RR., and is accurate as of April 11, 1958. The NC&StL was merged into the L&N last fall. All ex-NC&StL locomotives have been renumbered into the L&N roster and are shown both in the rosters of both roads.

Abbreviations: Rd. Nos.—road numbers; HP—horsepower; Bd. Ml.—builder's model; Wl. Argt.—wheel arrangement; TE—tractive effort in pounds; Wt.—total weight in pounds; GM-EMC—General Motors, Electromotive Corp.; GM-EMD—Electromotive Division, General Motors Corp.; Alco—American Locomotive Co.; GE—General Electric Co.

Notes: m—multiple unit control; s—steam heat generator; tc—train control and train stop; db—dynamic brakes.

(1) 949,949 rebuilt from F-3A original built in 1948 and renumbered from 2500-2501.

(2) 747-749 rebuilt from F-3B originally built in 1948 and renumbered from 2550-2552.

(3) 355-369 have train control, 353-354 are tc.

(4) 663-672 are tc; 650-662 have train stop.

(5) 410-440 are m.

(6) 507-514 and 550-552 are m; 550-552 have train stop.

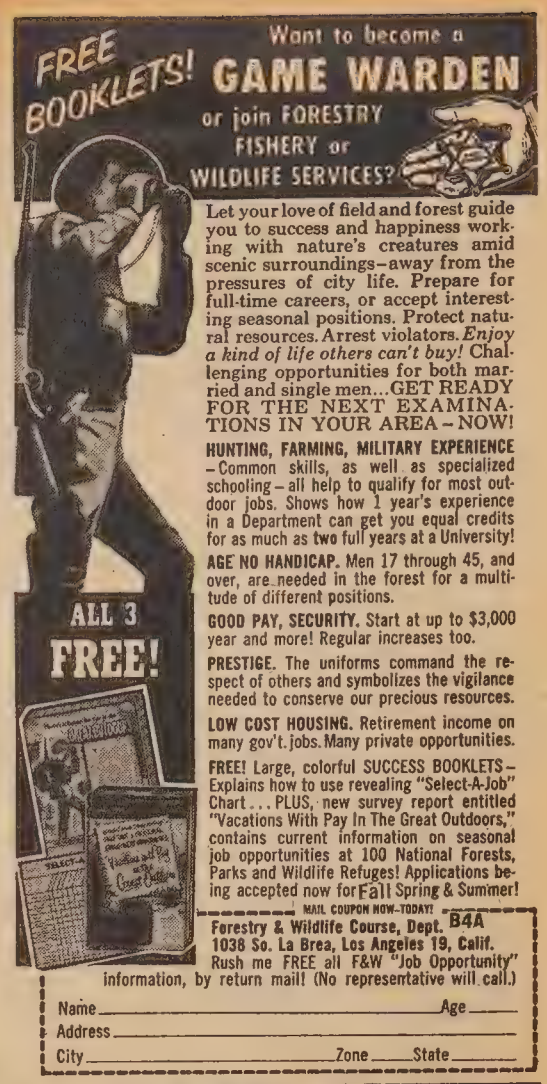
(7) 114-149, 214-239, 152-154, 2402243, 176-179 are m; 150-154 and 240-243 are s; 150-154 and 170-179 have train control.

(8) 60-62,69 rebuilt by EMD; dimensions shown and class are rebuilt specifications.

(9) 55 has been scrapped.

(10) 98 ex-125.

L&N yard switchers are painted black, with yellow lettering, striping, and hand rails. L&N road diesels, blue and yellow, with red outline striping and insignia and yellow lettering. Underbody is black. NS&StL diesels, red and yellow, with contrasting lettering and black underbody. ●



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RAILROAD HOBBY CLUB

by Sy Reich

THE HOBBY CLUB gets results, according to C. W. Witbeck, Box 970, Hammond, La. "My entry in the June issue has drawn more than 250 replies so far," he writes, "and they are still coming in. About 65 percent of the respondents used postalcards. Usually the postalcard boys want something for nothing; they rarely buy from you. The remaining 35 percent wrote letters, but only about one in eight of them enclosed stamps to cover the cost of mailing my list. It is true that I offered to send the list free, but it took me time and money to compile and mimeograph."

Sy Reich

Mr. Witbeck, who is president of the Southwestern Railroad Museum, Inc., continues: "Baldwin - Lima - Hamilton has given us about three tons of old records, tracings, glass negatives, etc. For example, we have in our reference library the complete set of specification books on Baldwin engines from 1836 to 1950, over 200 large bound volumes. These will increase in value as time passes. At present, we are too busy to answer inquiries for data, but in order to help finance the Museum we want to sell a lot of this material as soon as we have itemized it."

STEAM POWER

STEAM POWER on the Great Northern, which began dwindling after the Jim Hill road acquired its first diesel in 1926, has finally come to an end with the retirement of its last 36 steamers, all but six of which are destined for scrapping. Readers won't find much joy in those six. They are being saved only to let their boilers generate steam to thaw out ore cars during freezing weather on the railway's Allouez iron-ore classification yards at Superior, Wis.

The last time a steamer ran over GN lines was in August '57 on the Willmar Division in Minnesota. The 36 surviving engines had been held on stand-by duty since then. Great Northern, which only two years ago had steam, electric, and diesel power units in active service,

No. 32 of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, now L&N. (See page 73.)

is now fully dieselized. The juice locomotives, including the world's largest single-cab electric, were retired in Augugst '56 when the road installed a ventilating system in its 8-mile Cascade Tunnel in Washington State. Giant fans now bring cooling air to diesels operating through this longest rail tunnel in the western hemisphere.

Steam had disappeared from all rails west of Minot, N. D., by October '56 when GN dedicated its new Gavin Yard (pictured on our cuurrent cover). Four "Big G" locomotives, including old No. 1, the *William Crooks*, have been preserved as relics of the Steam Age. No. 1 was brought to Minnesota by steamboat in 1862 and is now on exhibit in St. Paul Union Depot. Three other display steam engines are in city parks at Seattle and Wenatchee, Wash., and Sioux City, Iowa.

An apparently complete list of steam engines then on rosters of common-carrier roads in the United States and Canada appeared in *Railway Age* for Feb. 3, 1958. It showed 1376 steamers in service in U.S., 1709 operating in Canada, and a total of 1915 stored or awaiting repairs.

The list was broken up into wheel arrangements. For example, a total of 1061 Mikados, 599 Pacifics, 586 Consolidations, 440 8-wheeled switchers, 387 4-8-4's, 296 4-8-2's, 282 ten-wheelers, 199 6-wheel switchers, 170 2-8-8-2's, 182 Santa Fes, 135 Texas types, 134 decapods, 100 Berkshires, and so on down the list to one 0-4-0 and one steam-turbine-electric 6-6-6-6. Note that Mikes headed the list.

Contradicting our previous report of steam non-existent in the Pacific Northwest, the following list shows steams still operating:

Rayonier, Inc., Sekiu, Wash: three 3-track shays, 2 Baldwin 2-6-6-2T.

Rayonier, Inc., Hoquiam, Wash.: four 2-8-2's, one 2-6-2, four 2-6-6-2, one 2-6-6-2T.

Crown Willamette Paper Co., Cathlamet, Wash.: two 2-6-6-2T, one 3-truck Shay.

Kosmos Timber Co., Kosmos, Wash.: one 2-6-6-2T.

Simpson Logging Co., McCleary, Wash.: one 3-truck Shay.

Simpson Logging Co., Yacolt, Wash.: two 3-truck Shays.

Puget Sound and Baker River: one 2-8-2.

Georgia-Pacific; Siletz, Ore.: various steam.

New Westminster, B.C.: two 0-6-0.

Pacific Great Eastern: one 2-8-2.

Hillcrest Lumber Co., Vancouver Island, B. C.; two Climaxes one 28-ton Shay.

Western Forest Industries Cowichan Lake, B. C.: one 3-truck Shay.

Northern Pacific, Tacoma, Wash.: 2-6-2.

Steam operating today in Chicago includes an 0-4-OT on the Illinois Sand & Ballast Co. and a 2-8-2 on the Indian Hill & Iron Range Railroad. Data for our steam listing comes from the *Mixed Train*, Randall T. Chew, Raoul Martin, Roger Corbin, and Andrew Koval.

Atlanta & West Point has given its last steam engine to Atlanta, Ga., for permanent display at Lakewood Park as the beginning of a Transportation Museum.

The Long Island has donated its last two steam locomotives, Nos. 35 and 38, both G-5s types, to local communities for permanent display. No. 35 stands in a park at Salisbury, about two miles south of Westbury on Merrick Ave. (also known as Post Ave.), protected from vandalism by a fence. No. 38 was accepted by Suffolk County, but since no public land is available for her, the engine was turned over to the Carriage House Museum on Rte. 25, about a mile from Stony Brook Station.

Steam is still king on the South African Railways, according to A. P. Van Lingen, writing in the *Illinois Central Magazine*. "Some of the most powerful steam locomotives used on 3½-foot-gage anywhere in the world have been developed in South Africa," he says. "Tractive force of these giants, weighing as much as 237 tons, complete with tender, have been raised as high as 45,000 pounds at 75 percent boiler pressure. The South African Railways, faced with the difficulty of watering steam locomotives every 100 miles over a semi-arid region, recently bought heavy engines with condensing tenders and these have helped in solving the problem."

Fourteen steam locomotives — for many years the workhorses of Alaska—have been shipped to Spain for the 40-mile standard-gage Ferrocarril de Langreo. These include 5 Lima-built Consolidations, 5 Baldwin Consolidations, 3 Baldwin Mikados, and a Baldwin Pacific. At this writing, Alaska RR. now has only one steam locomotive left in serviceable condition, for stand-by use.

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ENDS TIREDNESS by increasing mental alertness. BRIGHTENS SPIRITS by restoring optimism. INCREASES CAPACITY FOR WORK by inducing a feeling of well-being and energy to revive normal interest and activity. Use whenever fatigue is a handicap in work or play. Send check, M.O. for $2 or $4 size. Dept. A-9. Rednor Products Co., 416 Center St., Trenton, N. J.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statement like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.*o Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

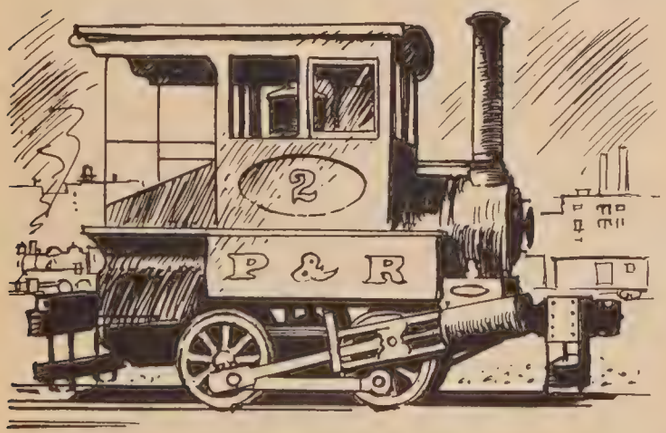
Along the Iron Pike

by Joe Easley

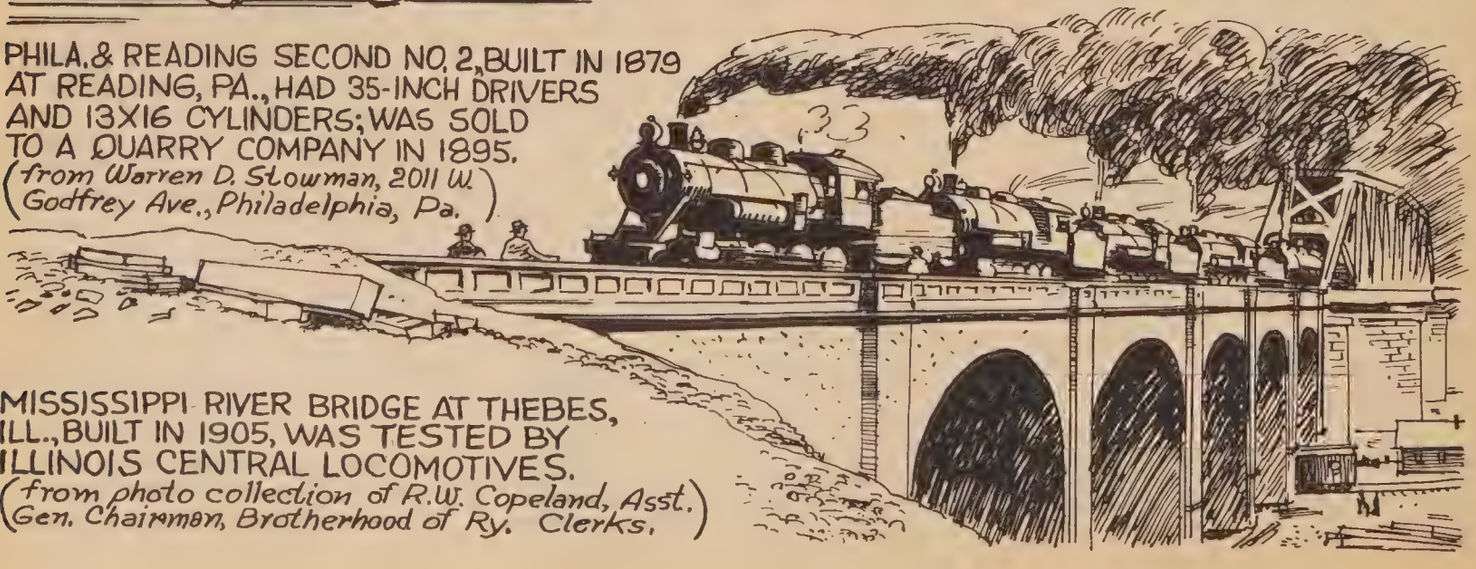
NEW UNIT, THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND, HELPS BRITISH RYS. TO INSPECT BRIDGES. A JOINTED MOVABLE BOOM, MOUNTED ON RAILWAY CAR, CARRIES MAN, TELEPHONE AND FLOODLIGHTS.
(© British Rys, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City)

OTTO KUHLER, WHO USED TO DESIGN STREAMLINING FOR STEAM ENGINES AND WHO PAINTED RAILROAD MAGAZINE COVERS, IS SHOWN WITH BELL FROM B&O PACIFIC TYPE 5304, NOW USED ON HIS RANCH AT PINE, COLO.

50 YEARS AGO HUDSON & MANHATTAN RR. REGULARLY HAD A CAR RESERVED FOR WOMEN.



PHILA. & READING SECOND NO. 2, BUILT IN 1879 AT READING, PA., HAD 35-INCH DRIVERS AND 13X16 CYLINDERS; WAS SOLD TO A QUARRY COMPANY IN 1895.
(from Warren D. Stowman, 2011 W. Godfrey Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.)



MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE AT THEBES, ILL., BUILT IN 1905, WAS TESTED BY ILLINOIS CENTRAL LOCOMOTIVES.
(from photo collection of R.W. Copeland, Asst. Gen. Chairman, Brotherhood of Ry. Clerks.)

FLAGSTOPS

MEET a railfanette, Maureen Dolan, 14, of 611 Centre St., Newton, Mass. Her name in our August *Switch List* prompted us to inquire about her because very few girls are rail hobbyists. Last year, with a friend, Maureen visited the Edaville two-foot -gage operating railroad and museum in South Carver, Mass. This visit intrigued her so much that she has been going on railroad and trolley fantrips ever since, taking pictures, and riding engine cars and even a section man's track velocipede.

Maureen Dolan

The steam-powered Black Hills Central, 5 narrow-gage miles in South Dakota, was opened officially June 14. Even before it was completed, nearly 3,500 tourists flocked aboard its 5 open cars for the trip to Oblivion and back. For details send a self-addressed stamped envelope to W. B. Heckman, President, Black Hills Central Railroad, Hill City, S. D.

Labor Day week-end—Valley & Siletz RR. trip thru Oregon mts. from San Francisco Bay. Central Coast Ry. Club, P.O. Box 783, San Jose, Calif.

Aug. 23—Sept. 1—*Caribou County Special,* 10-day round trip San Francisco to Prince Rupert, B. C., auspices WP and fan clubs. Fare, incl. meals, all other costs, $295 up (child $210 up). Contact Western Pacific RR., 526 Mission St., San Francisco.

"You said British Columbia was the first fully-dieselized Canadian province," writes David Murphy, 6 Elm St., Gorham, N. H. "Actually, the first was the smallest province, Prince Edward Island."

Completion of a history of New York, Ontario & Western and its predecessor, New York & Oswego Midland, will be made possible by an award from Research Foundation of State University of New York to William Helmer, assistant professor at the university's Agricultual & Technical Institute, Morrisville, N. Y. Prof. Helmer began collecting O&W material in 1947, ten years before the line was abandoned.

Canadian National Rys. museum train is now touring British Columbia to mark B.C. centenary. Last stop is Vancouver, Sept. 12-19. Many U.S. tourists are visiting Canada to see this train.

Yearbook of RR. Information, 1958 edition, 100 pages of facts, charts, figures, is still available. Get it free from Association of Western Railways, Public Relations Section, 1600 Bankers Bldg., Chicago 3, Illinois.

Sept. 28—North Hills Travelers Club sponsors Pennsy round trip Pittsburgh to Altoona around Horseshoe Curve. Details from J. E. Wally, 43 Grant Ave., Etna, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Canadian Pacific currently uses 24-o'clock system in employes' timecards on Prairie and Pacific regions, not Eastern Region. For example, Eastern Region uses normal a.m. and p.m. system; in the West 11:15 p.m. would be 23:15. CPR, which gave us some misinformation on the subject that we published recently, now corrects its own error.

Sept. 20—North Jersey Chap. NRHS sponsors CNJ trip New York to Flemington and Rockaway, N. J., on frt.-only lines. Photo stops at Raritan engine terminal, etc. Far $5.75, kids $3, if paid in advance to A. L. Creamer, 31 Tulip Rd., Springfield, N. J. Info. from Bud Rothaar, 757 Pierpont St., Rahway, N. J.

Sept. 20-21 — Northern Pacific trip from Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., to Colton, Wash., to witness grain-threshing bee with old steam traction engines; 40 such relics on display. Trip includes a freight-only line, overnight stay in Lewiston, Ida., and dinner at Spokane. Contact Max Hennen, Box 369, Seattle; say if you will leave from Seattle or Portland.

Nov. 7-23, only Friday nights and Sunday afternoons—annual fall show of New Haven Society of Model Engineers, 90 Court St., New Haven, Conn. See operation of O gage railroad and trolley lines and HO road.

"Railroad has become too much of a technical and picture magazine," writes Herman Garrison, 86 American Ave., Bridgeton, N. J. "I miss the true tales

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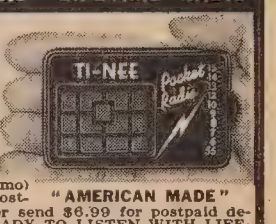

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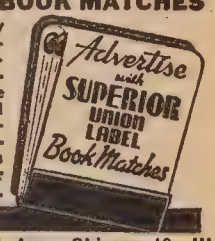

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537 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

"Lady, your slip is showing." That isn't a slip; it's a cab curtain. Ten-wheelers 1165 and 1391 were pulling a Canadian National fan special, sponsored by the Canadian Railroad Historical Ass'n, last March 30th when this photo was snapped.
Fred Sankoff, 25 Botfield Ave., Toronto, Canada

you used to publish." (We hope you like "Dollar a Division" in this issue.)

Some time in late October the Brooklyn Polytechnic RR. Club will operate a New York Central trip on the freight-only Putnam Division, across the New Haven's freight-only line to Maybeck, and down the West Shore to Weehawken. Details from the Club, Box 576, 333 Jay St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Many readers complain that strangers writing to them for favors fail to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope or even a postalcard. They ask what to do about it. Do? That's easy. Ignore the request—unless it comes from a foreign land where stamps of your own country are not available.

Original 1930 map of Victoria, B.C., showing all BCER streetcar lines; a BCER interurban car photo, and a brochure of the lines will be sent for $1 by Vancouver Island Ry. Historical Ass'n, Elwood White, pres., 3831 Merriam Drive, Victoria, B. C., Canada. (No stamps; get international money order at any postoffice.)

"I want to read *Railroad Magazine* because American railroads interest me, but it is not sold in my country and we are not permitted to send money overseas for a subscription," writes J. Kucharczyk, Kosynierow Gdynskich 8a/4, Wroclaw 9, Poland.

One of the founders of the Electric Railroaders' Association, Edwin Jay Quinby, an electronics expert of 30 Blackburn Rd., Summit, N. J., is co-owner of the $1,000,000 *Delta Queen,* last luxury stern-wheeler in our hemisphere, now berthed on Ohio River at Cincinnati.

Oct. 19—Trip marking 10th anniversary of entry into service of post-war all-electric PCC's on L. A. Transit Lines (now L. A. Metro. Transit Authority) sponsored by ERA, Southern Calif. Div., P.O. Box 3292, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Week-end, Aug. 30-Sept. 1—NRHS annual convention, Toronto, Canada; trips, inspection tours. Contact NRHS Convention Committee, 840 Potomac Ave., Buffalo 9, N. Y.

Labor Day week-end—Pacific RR. Society, Grand Canyon tour. Special Santa Fe train leaves L.A. 9 p.m. Fri.; parks at Canyon for free occupancy Sat. and Sun. Leaves Sun. night for lumber road; ride steam-hauled open gons. Due back in L.A. 6 a.m. Tues. Fare, incl. meals, $65 up. Capacity limited; write at once to E. Marks, Box 5279, Metropolitan Sta., Los Angeles 55, Calif.

Overseas reader, M. Baranyi, Tabriz, Iran, B.P. No. 7, asks: "What was the steepest grade ever built for steam adhesion locomotives, diesels, electric locomotives, and rack railways. Also, what is thought to be an economical top limit for weight and speed of cars and locomotives of any kind? Has any builder ever reached that limit?"

Pennsy dining-car 4418 built at Altoons shops in 1930 for the *Broadway Limited,* has been given to Travel Town in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, by the railroad. Elaborately decorted, this was the first diner to have indirect lighting. Its arrival at Travel Town culminates ten years of effort by C. J. ("Jeff")

Keenan, 6354 N.E. Cleveland Ave., Portland, Ore., to establish what he calls "The Coach of Fame" at the transportation exhibit.

"I believe that each year, in connection with this coach, we should honor one or more persons who have contributed to the romance or railroading," he says. Jeff's 38-year railroad career began with his becoming a "news butcher" on trains at age 11; he went braking at age 13, firing at 15, and was promoted to locomotive engineer at 17 —any or all of which may have set a record for being the youngest known.

"The train that carried General Grant's body from Saratoga to Albany, N. Y., en route to New York City for burial was a Delaware & Hudson special pulled by engine 210 (later renumbered 376)," comments Joseph Smith, 2320 17th St., Troy, N. Y. "I have a picture of the train with its draped engine as well as a picture of the engine with its draping taken at the old Green Island shops. I also have an anniversary edition of *The Saratogan*, the Saratoga Springs newspaper, which carries an illustrated account of the funeral train. New York Central took over the train at Albany."

Other readers tell us that the old historic painting which shows Grant holding a spike maul (reproduced in our June '58 issue) is inaccurate. Grant did not actually swing a maul in helping to drive the golden spike that marked completion of the Northern Pacific in Montana in 1883.

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Every Pipeful Proves.

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- READY-MADE CAKE!
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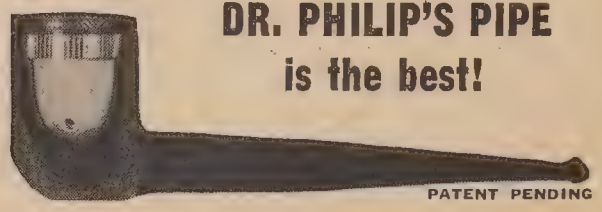

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The ideal pipe for the STEADY SMOKER and especially the NEW SMOKER. Smokes dryer, cooler, cleaner. Ceramic bowls are interchangeable. Each pipe comes with FOUR extra bowls!

SHORT SMOKE MODEL ONLY $4.50
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Please send me postpaid ....., Dr. Philip's pipe(s). I enclose $..... to cover the cost of the pipe I have checked below.

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(Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

RAILROADIANA

ITEMS are printed here free, in good faith but without guarantee. Keep your wordage under 28, except for entries dealing with old issues of our magazine. Use abbreviations such as *tts.* (public timetables) and *emp. tts.* (employes' operating timetables.)

If you wish to be listed as desiring pen pals, state which phases of railroading interest you most. In other words, what do you want a pen pal to write about?

Adddress Sy Reich, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Because of the time it takes to edit, print, and distribute our magazine, this section closes about ten weeks before *Railroad* appears on the newsstands. Publication date is usually the 2nd or 3rd of every month.

PLEASE NOTE: As U.S. postal rates go up before you read these words, be sure to enclose 4¢ in stamps for any item which is offered for a 3¢ stamp. At the time our *Switch List* went to press the rate for first-class mail was 3¢ an ounce.

SWITCH LIST

R. C. ALBERTSEN, 5206 6 Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., sells tts., emp. tts., frt. tts., pix, maps, postcards: list 15c.

JOHN AARDEMA, 114 15th Ave., Paterson, N. J., wants Puget Sound Elec. info. and pix.

ART ALKERTON, 168 Hatt St., Dundas, Ont., Canada, trades CNR emp. tts. for steam negs.

DICK ANDERSON, 334 S. Prindle, Arlington Hts., Ill., sells size 116 elec. negs.

ED ANDERSON, 15 Lansing Ave., Worcester, Mass., sells size 120 pix., MTA. List for stamped env.

AL AUGENSTEIN, 1118 Newhall St., San Francisco, Calif., buys size 116 negs., original slides Muni. Ry., and steam.

JOE BAK, Jr., Purdue Memorial Union, W. Lafayette, Ind., will sell Trains albums; wants Trains Album 16.

JOE BAK, Jr., 4518 W. Altgeld St., Chicago, Ill., sells RMC '51-'58, Kalmbach Albums. Wants issues of Railroad Magazine before Jan. '58.

L. Y. BEAUJON, Canaan, Conn., will sell European tt. or will trade for CNE and predessor data.

ED BECKMAN, 10933 S. Pulaski, Chicago, Ill., will buy switch keys, emp. tts.

MARK BENNETT, Box A, Gwynedd Valley, Pa., will buy elec., steam, short line pix.

BRUCE BENTE, 186 Liberty Rd., Englewood, N. J., sells size 3½x5 steam, trolley, subway pix. Trades for same size PCC pix.

DICK BRUNDAGE, Jr., 60 Post St., Yonkers, N. Y., buys pix, tr. orders, Eastern rrs.

J. C. BURCHARD, Box 293, E. Haven, Conn., sells pix lightwt. interurbans.

BOB BURROWES, 14778 Clay St., Hayward, Calif., will sell 1200 ft. 8mm black and white print Santa Fe Transcontinental Ltd., about '26.

R. D. CONRAD, 445 Randolph St., Meadville, Pa., buys 8mm color steam movies.

LOUIS COTNOIR, 66 Capitol St., New Bedford, Mass., wants pix Union St. Ry.

OWEN DAVIES, 1214 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill., sells back numbers Railroad Magazine, railroadiana. Big list free if you specify your interests.

JOHN DAVIS, Cushing Ave., Freeport, Maine, buys, trades GT steam negs. '23-'50, size 616, p.c. Wants steam negs. Japan.

KEN DAVIS, 2141 E. William St., Decatur, Ill, wants p.c. size pix one-foot-gage steam amusement-park locos.

EVERETT DE GOLYER, Jr., 412 Meadows Bldg., Dallas, Tex., trades size 120 negs. N. Tex. rrs. for US, Canada, Mexico.

ART EDWARDS, 297 Stephen St., Belleville, N. J., will buy 8x10 pix Erie 5000 gas-elec.

BOB FREMMING, Box 147, Dallas, Wis., sells p.c. pix, locos, trains.

NORMAN GARRISON, 86 American Ave., Bridgeton, N. J., sells Railroad Magazine, '37 to date; Trains, Ry. Progres '49-'56.

BOB GORDON, 114 Holly Rd., Broomall, Pa., wants pix PRR G-5, T-1, Q-2, RDG G-3.

WALT GRANDE, 3904 SE 39 Ave., Portland, Ore., sells, trades size 616 Western steam pix. List for 3c stamp. Wants size 616 negs. NP, GN, SPS, UP, SP, D&RGW, CB&Q.

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Rosco Vest Pocket .22—$14.95

Brand new 6-shot German revolver that sells in the $28-$30 range. A tight accurate well-made piece. 3" Bbl., 5" overall. Fires popular Amer. made .22 short ammo. Side gate loading. Has a fine steel rifled barrel with blade front sight. Excellent for target or plinking. 10-day money back guar. $14.95. For C.O.D. send $7.50 deposit. Leather holster $2.25. Send check, cash or M.O. Calif. res. Add 4% state tax.

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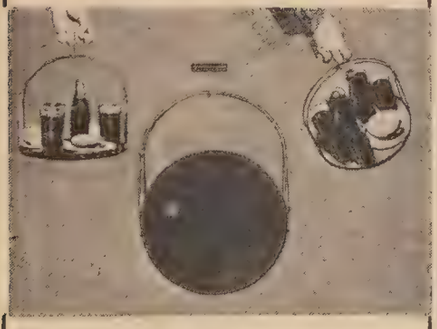

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Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17

Please send me..... Enclosed
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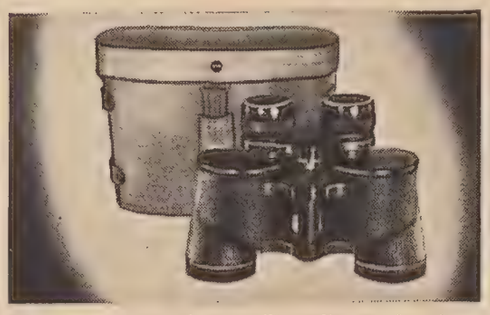
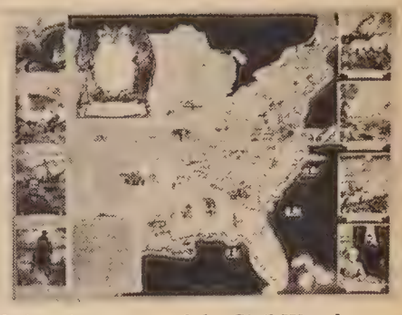
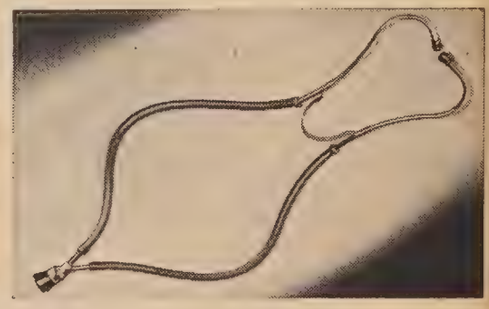


It's clear to see that you'll really go for these 7 x 35 Wide-Angle Binoculars. Gives you a field view of 500 feet at 1000 yards. High optical quality, deluxe lens coating. Finger-tip focusing for sharp images. Dust and moisture resistant. $19.98 (plus 10% federal tax). Collect. Send your order to Akron, 4414 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 27, Calif.



Wall-size picture map of the Civil War shows nearly 100 places, events and campaigns, gives complete information on all. Brilliantly drawn, and in four colors, map has 8 side panels with paintings depicting famous events such as Ft. Sumter, Gettysburg, Bull Run, etc. Measures 23"x23". $1 ppd. House of Maps, 1308-G Lincoln Building, New York 17, N.Y.

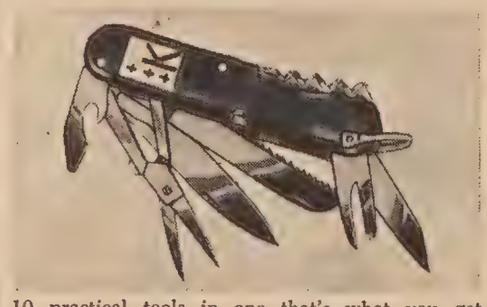
Olé! That's what you'll say about this colorful, conversation piece calendar. Suitable for framing—measures 16" x 18". A copy of one of Mexico's famous artists, it might be a scene from any famous bullfight. Two calendars, bull fight or Mexican scene (not shown), for $1 ppd. Order from McLean Mexico Shopper, 512 N. Main St., McAllen, Texas.



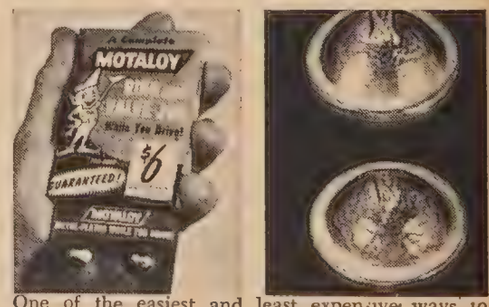
Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this is a U. S. Medical Corps stethoscope. *Brand new*, it's ideal for doctors, engineers and mechanics (to check trouble spots in motors, etc.), educational for kids and adults. Handy in the country. $2.95 ppd. (half-regular price). Banner Supply House, 49-B East 41st, N.Y.

Here is a ⅜" Drill that will really fill the bill. Cuts, saws, reams—after you drill hole, simply move the drill sideways, back and forth to make any size or shape hole you want. The Cutting Drill saws and cuts metal, wood, etc. Comes for $2.98 or three for $8, ppd. Obtainable from Rembrandt Co., Dept. 11, 403 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey.

No more spreading out, folding or tearing your road maps with this new device called the Auto-Mapic. Fitted with latest road maps for either Eastern or Western U. S. (specify when ordering), it divides them into 15 easy-to-read sections reached by just a flick of the finger. $14.95 ppd. Gayle's, 440-C West 24th St., N. Y. 11, N. Y.



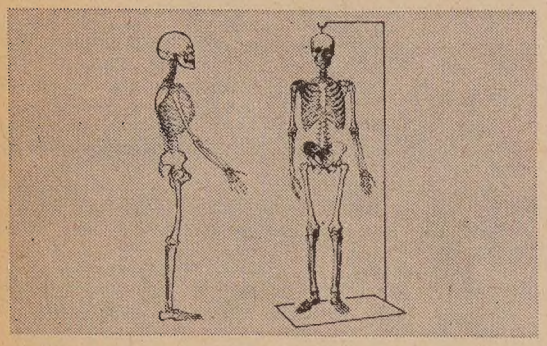
10 practical tools in one—that's what you get with this Swiss Army knife which contains jack knife, saw, file, scissors, awl, screwdriver, bottle opener, corkscrew, can opener and small blade. Each tool separate. 9" long when opened, fits in pocket compactly. $1.98 ppd. from Thoresen, Dept. AD-18, 585 Water St., New York 2, N. Y.



One of the easiest and least expensive ways to recondition your car's engine is to drop a few of these Motaloy tabs in your fuel tank. You'll get increased compression and a ring and valve job as Motaloy replates worn engine parts. Increases mileage, cuts oil-burning. $6 ppd., Olson Co., Dept. A-S, Texas Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

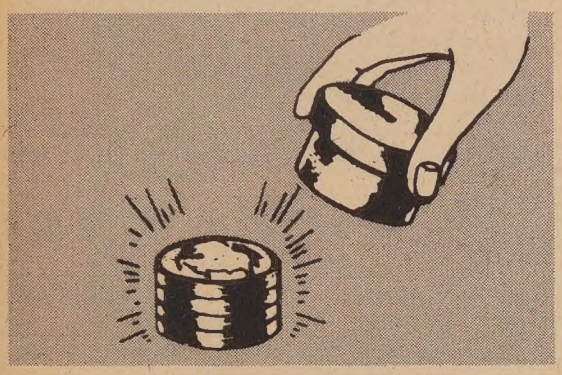
SHOP BY MAIL

All products shown here may be obtained directly from indicated sources. Send check or money order with your order. Manufacturer will refund full purchase price on prompt return of unused, non-personalized items. This department is not composed of paid advertising.

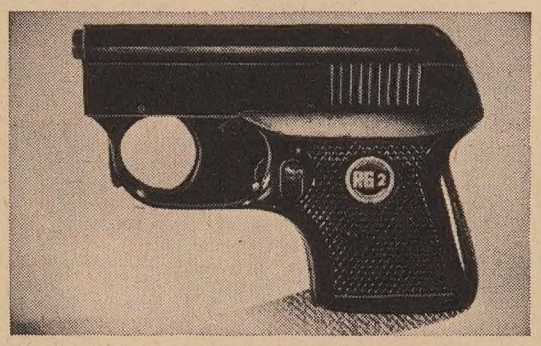


Precise 1-ft.-high working scale model of a human skeleton is perfectly articulated, anatomically accurate. Fine for doctors, students, etc.; fun for office, den, club; (And what a gag!—"ideal" business partner; car ornament). Parts interlock, snap together. With chart, wire stand, $3.95 ppd. Chabon Scientific, 411-D Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17.

"How do I love thee?" Well, here's one way of saying it with these marriage or angel medals. Perfect for bracelet, key chain. In sterling silver or 12 kt. gold filled: ¾", $3; 1", $4; 1¼", $5; 1½", $7. In 14 kt. gold (respective sizes), $12, $15, $30, $40. All ppd. Specify style, name, no yrs. married. Wayne Silversmith, 546A So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

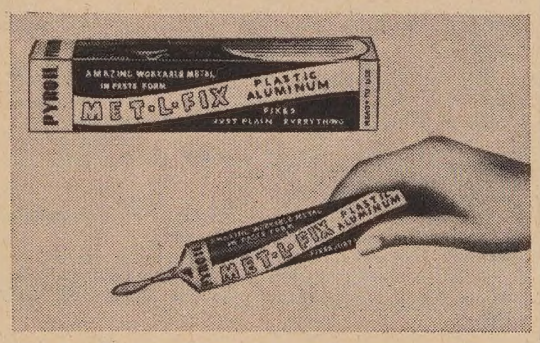


The mystery of magic appeals to one and all. You'll have many hours of fun! Show 4 nickels—cover them with the Magic Cap, lift cap—the nickels have vanished and 4 dimes appear. Easy to do, no skill required. Precision made of brass. Good gift idea, too. $1 ppd. Order from D. Robbins & Co., Dept. D, 127 W. 17th St., N. Y. 11.



The skilled hand of the German gunsmith is responsible for this 6-shot repeater automatic with self-ejecting clip, adjustable spring. Just 4" long, fits easily into pocket or purse. Ideal for sporting events, stage use and as a burglar repellent. Comes for $6.95 ppd. from Best Values Co., Dept. G-110, 403 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Tips on tools ranging from screwdrivers to heavy equipment are found in this giant catalog. Earn money for yourself by using specially coded prices. Gives complete descriptions, illustrations, retail and coded wholesale prices. Send $1 returned with your first order. Write to U. S. General Supply, Department 237, 149 Church Street, New York.



It's simple to solder, seal and repair articles of metal, wood, plastic, etc. with Met-L-Fix. This plastic aluminum dries into solid metal. Can be sanded, filed, drilled or threaded. Requires no heat or mixing. Repairs pots and pans, loose handles, plumbing leaks, jewelry, etc. 5 oz. tube, $1 ppd. Pyroil Company, La Crosse, Wis.

The insect above, as most of you will recognize, is a Queen Bee, and in the insect world she's unique because *she lives 15 times longer than other bees* and because she lays her own weight in eggs every day. The thing responsible for these feats of longer life and reproduction is a food called Roval Jelly made and fed to her by other bees. Used first in cosmetics, Royal Jelly was prescribed for Pope Pius XII by his doctor, and is used by such as the 80-year-old President of Chile (to keep up a fast pace with his young aides). A month's supply of Lincoln Royal Jelly capsules is now only $4.95 ppd. Brochures available. Lincoln Royal Bee Co., 1306-AD Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17.

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ALMOST 2 FEET LONG!

YES, ALMOST 2 FEET LONG—a perfect, ivory-boned skeleton of the mighty TYRANNOSAURUS REX. Down to his last rib, an exact reproduction in scale of the King of Dinosaurs who stood 50 feet long and 20 feet high. Its bones are unbreakable—exactly as the original bones looked when science first found them. The gift of the year—for children and adults. It stands on its own feet! Order several right now. Every penny back if not delighted. Send only $1 plus 25¢ for postage and handling for each skeleton. **Museum Products, Dept. B1409, 228 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.**

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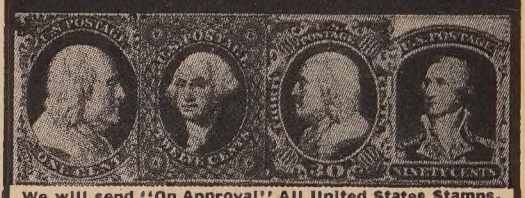
BALDNESS

"This hair formula has actually grown full new hair on the bald and balding heads of many, but not all, of my clients. I and doctors with whom I have discussed it believe that the activating ingredients were produced by nature. In 1950, the 15 year of my experiments, a solution in my laboratory produced a culture of air borne mold similar to those which produce penicillin and other antibiotics. 'To my amazement this formula completely eliminated dandruff and itchy scalp and grew hair where it has long been balding,' writes one user. My formula and scalp treatment involve no oils, heat or odor and there is no way for others to tell you are treating your scalp except from results. Application and morning hair combing may be done at the same time. My treatment costs $10 postpaid for an 8 week supply with instructions. If you prefer to read more about this formula, send your name and address for absolutely free information. I believe that my formula in some way assists nature in restimulating growth of hair. I hope you will experience the happy results that so many of my clients have written and shown me."

WALTER FIELD, Dept. 54, 6399 Wilshire, Los Angeles 48, Cal.

100 YEAR OLD U. S. STAMPS



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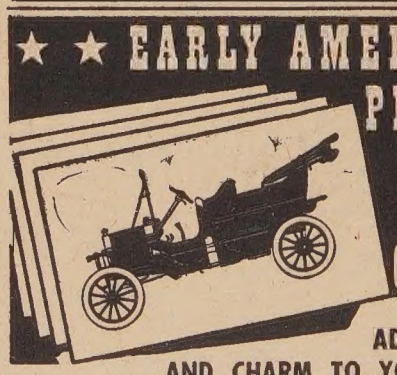

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QUALITY BAZAAR, Bx. 693, Gd. Cent. Sta., N.Y. 17
Enclose $.... ( ) Check, ( ) M.O. you pay postage.
Please send me: ( ) A, ( ) B, ( ) C
(Check letters desired)

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ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

LARRY HANSEN, 3215 Q St., Eureka, Calif., sells NWP, SP, WP, pix maps, tts. List, sample, 25c.

ERLE HANSON, 952 36 St., Richmond, Calif., sells 5x7 pix CPR, SP, AT&SF, NWP, NPC, SPC steam, SF Bay ferries. Sample, 10c.

GRAHAME HARDY, Carson City, Nev., buys and sells old issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, other rr. mags., books, railroadiana. Big list free.

C. H. HEFFELFINGER (head of History Dept., Queen Anne High School), 2411 8th Ave. W., Seattle, Wash., wants to buy tie-clasp showing steam or diesel loco. (Editor's note: Anyone who answers him, please tell us too. We get many requests for steam loco desk models also, but don't know who sells 'em.)

FRANK HENKE, 218 N. Louis St., Mt. Prospect, Ill., will sell Trains, Nov. '40-Oct. '41, excel. cond.; make offer.

JOHN HILTON, 10714 St. Paul St., Kensington, Md., sells 8mm movies, slides, pix DCT.

BOB HIX, 1902 S. Hancock, Colorado Springs, Colo., will sell Dressel Ry. lantern; info. for stamped env.

WALT HOFER, 41 Maltby Pl., New Haven, Conn., sells pix Shore Line elec., Southern NY Ry., Conn. Co., Berkshire St. Ry.

JOHN HORTON, 3362 Tallahassee Dr., Cincinnati, O., wants scrapped loco headlight with number board and pix SOU green pass. locos.

E. E. HUMPHREY, Wautoma, Wis., will sell Railroad Magazine '37 to date, excel. cond.; make offer.

BOB JENNINGS, 13 Cliff Ave., Scituate, Mass., will swap 35mm negs. NYC, MTA, B&M, Edaville, New Haven, for other black-white negs. or sell 15c ea.

RON JOHNSON, 3051 Medill Ave., Chicago, Ill., wants 35mm duplicate color slides Milw. C&NW steam.

ARNOLD JOSEPH, 2512 Tratman Ave., New York City, sells back issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, other rr. mags. Lists for stamped env.

AL JUSTES, Jr. (age 16), Rte. 1, Box 254-A, E. Bernstadt, Ky., wants to correspond with any loco engr.

DON KISSICK, 36 Thompson St., Princeton, Ill., wants pix CA&E, LV, BTC, CTA.

C. KOWAL, 2300 W. 21 St., Chicago, Ill., will sell 18x22 steam loco wall chart.

JOHN KRAVE, 429 Ford Bldg., Detroit, Mich., buys action negs. CPR 2-10-4 5900 class, NYC 4-8-4 6000 class.

ROGER KRUEGER, 1936 Brigden Rd., Pasadena, Calif., buys SP steam negs.

DICK KRUMENACHER, 1300 Lookout Dr., Waukesha, Wis., sells duplicate color slides SOO, CMSTP&P, C&NW, CB&Q, B&O; list 10c.

OTTO KUHLER, KZ Ranch, Pine, Colo., sells South Park book-ends, other mementos made from old Colo. n.g. rails; free folder. (See Easley's "Along the Iron Pike" in this issue.)

PAUL KUTTA, 7101 Colonial Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y., buys, trades pix, tts., info on Norfolk Sou.

BOB LAISON, 831½ E. Grand Ave., Eau Claire, Wis., sells size 616 pix. List free.

RON LEITCH, 10524 Governor Ave., Cleveland, O., will sell "Trains Rolling," $1.75 postpaid. Buys, trades Cleveland Interurban pix.

ELVIN LIQUE, 917 N. 3 Ave., Wausau, Wis., will buy 8mm color movies Milw. elec., GN Empire Builder, time frts.; CB&Q emp. tt. '58.

STEVE LISKA, 5122 N. 39 St., Milwaukee, Wis., sells elec. ry. pix. List, sample, 10c.

BURT LORING, Rt. 5, Brainerd, Minn., sells loco pix size 116, 120, GN, NP, CNR, CPR, NKP, UP, CB&Q, DWP. Sample 10c.

GEO. MACKAY, 503 Fader St., New Westminster, B. C., Canada, buys size 616 steam negs. CNR.

R. R. MAGUIRE, 269 Albion St., Wakefield, Mass., will sell Railroad Magazine '56-'57, covers missing, B&M emp. tts.

JIM MALONE, Jr., 3812 N. Alta Vista Ter., Chicago, Ill., will buy Int'l Union of Pub. Transport Revue, '57-'58.

CANDY McCARTHY, 420 Boonville, Springfield, Missouri, trades 35mm, 120 620 color slides, 8mm color movies, all originals. Buys rr. books.

J. E. MEYERS, Jr., Box 267, Oxford, N. J., buys anything L&HR, esp. good pix.

AL MILLER, 1836 Gardena Ave., Glendale, Calif., sells 35mm color slides, steam, diesel. List for 3c stamp. Buys, sells, trades builders' plates.

ELMER MILLER, 313 N. Newberry St., York, Pa., will sell 175 issues Railroad Magazine '33-'57, good cond.; 50 cents each postpaid; list for 3c stamp.

RAY MUELLER, 8315 Airport Rd., Berkeley, Missouri, wants various issues Railroad Magazine; list for 3c stamp.

DAVE NESTLE, Box 211, Milford, N. Y., sells FJ&G marker lights $4 ea., FJ&G book "Steam and Trolley Days" $2, FJ&G tkts. 10c ea.

CHAS. OBERLY, RR. 2, Urbana, O., wants info. on C&O branch, Durbin-Ronceverte, W. Va., history of area.

TOM O'NEIL, 715 Verner Ave., McKeesport, Pa., will buy old issues Railroad Magazine, good cond.; write first.

F. K. PAINE, 6 Touchy Ave., Park Ridge, Ill., will sell model rr. mags., '40-'46, mint cond.; details for stamped env.

CHAS. PURINTON, Boxford, Mass., sells white prints Cooke, Manchester, RI steam locos, 1880-1910; list 25c.

ARNOLD REID, Defensa 665, Buenos Aires (R. 46), Argentina, sells color slides Argentina and Chile trolleys, interurbans, airmailed, 2 for $1.50, 10 for $7.

GEO. RICHARDSON, 1992 Fairmount Blvd., Eugene, Ore., will buy Railroad Magazine Dec. '29; June, July, Aug., Nov. '30; Apr., May, Oct. '31.

C. F. SANDERS, 4614 Berkley St., Harrisburg, Pa., trades for pre-war tts.

D. P. SAVANT, 808 Wesley Dr. N. W., Atlanta, Geo., wants pix OSL loco thru Kemmerev, Wyo., in about 1900.

DENNIS SCHMIDT, 714 W. Lixington Ave., Elkhart, Ind., sells steam, diesel, interurban pix; list for 3c stamp.

JOE SCHMITZ, 3420 Walnut St., Huntington Park, Calif., trades steam tape recordings AT&SF, UP, SP, B&O, NKP, CN, NP, N&W, CB&Q; buys steam negs.

JIM SCHOENBEIN, 320 Hess Ave., Erie, Pa., buys sells, trades 8mm color and black-and-white steam loco movies; info. for stamped env.

JIM SEFTON, 6358 Yucca St., Los Angeles, Calif., will sell size 3½x5½ pix steam Western diesel, trolleys, 15c ea. or swap for negs.; state wants.

JAS. SEIBERT sells NY subway air whistles. (See Transit Topics item.)

DOUG SHELBURNE, 9 Cobb St., Mansfield, Mass., wants New Haven loco roster.

DICK SHORT, 226 Valley Rd., Merion Sta., Pa., trades, sells p.c. size pix, size 616 negs. PTC, B&O steam.

JACK SIMPSON, 5444 E. St. Clair, Indianapolis, Ind., buys, sells, swaps all kinds of rr. info., pix, tts.; state your needs.

EVERETT SKINNER, 727 Muirfield Rd., Los Angeles, Calif., will sell many back issues Railroad Magazine; list for 3c stamp.

RALPH SLATER, 42 Waller Ave., White Plains, N. Y., will trade 8mm NYC, New Haven elec movies for SP cab-in-front movies.

TOM SMART, 116 Gibson Rd., Louisville, Ky., wants any size negs. and 35mm color slides NYC J, L-4, S-1, B&O P-7, C&O D-4, H-8.

COURTNEY SMITH, 111 Bourndale Rd. N., Manhasset, N. Y., buys DL&W steam negs., size 135, 620, 120, DL&W steam pix 5x7 and larger.

LELAND SNYDER, 9 South St., Fort Plain, N. Y., wants trainmen's lanterns.

DARROL STANLEY, 34 Calvert Ct., Piedmont, Calif., wants Interurban Special 9; also negs. SN, Market St. Ry., Muni. Ry.

JOHN STELLWAGEN, McBride Pl., Goshen, N. Y., buys, sells, trades NYO&W pix, info.

A. E. STENSVAD, 811 E. 3rd, N. Platte, Neb., buys any size negs. UP, D&RGW, D&SL, RGS, C&S, FW&D, CB&Q steam.

L. A. STUCKEY, 658 11 St., Brandon, Man., Canada, sells size 616 negs. US & Canada.

B. J. SWAIN (menchanical staff, British Rys.), 64 Chalvington Rd., Chandlers Ford, Hants., England, trades 35mm Kodachrome originals of British Rys. for those of US rrs.

J. W. SWANBERG, Taunton, La., RFD 3, Newtown, Conn., wants pix PRR K-4 8251, B&O EM-1 7614; also color pix NYNH&H steam.

A. TALBOTT, 2905 Annin St., Philadelphia, Pa., will sell PRR coal tower blueprint, Camden, $30; water tank blueprint, $15, PRR emp. tts. '55, $1 ea.

JIM TATUM, 412 W. 1 St., El Dorado, Ark., buys any size steam pix Ark., La. short lines, El Dorado RR.

JOHN THOMAS, 25 Arden Pl., Yonkers, N. Y., wants pix, maps, books, mags. on NYC and Westcester trolleys.

ROY TOMBS, 27 W. Victoria St., Kamloops, B. C., Canada, wants Railroad Magazine Sept.-Dec. '37, Nov.-Dec. '47, Oct. '53.

ELIZABETH TONE, (our Aug. '58 cover artist), 55 Vandam St., New York City, wants info. pix, map, tts. Jersey City & Albany.

H. VAN BLOHN, Box 6422 BU Sta., Waco, Tex., will type rr. histories from Poer's Manuals 1869-1920 at 3c per word.

A. R. WARD, 71 Chadwick St., Paterson, N. J., trades elec. pix.

JEFF WIEN, 2741 Garrison Ave., Evanston, Ill., trades, sells trolley pix, maps.

H. WILLIAMSON, 819 N. Solomon St., New Orleans, La., buys horsecar tkts. and old paper money issued by rrs.

GARY WILSON, 353 Penn St., Pasadena, Calif., sells trolley pix, tts., tkts., roll signs. List for 3c stamp.

CHAS. WINTERS, 3834 E. 61 St., Kansas City, Missouri, sells pix; list for 3c stamp.

J. J. YOUNG, Jr., 125 14 St., Wheeling, W. Va., buys PRR steam action negs., pix between Altoona and Galitzin.

W. D. ZELLER (B&O brakeman), 320 Hancock St., Findlay, O., buys, trades rule books; also trades switch keys for rule books.

MODEL TRADING POST

H. AUSTIN, 38 Morgan St., Mennylands West, New South Wales, Australia, will trades Railroad Magazine '50-date for model equip.

W. H. BIESECKER, 2263 Lafayette St., North Bellmore, N. Y., will sell hand laterns, markers, 2 rail Atlantic ¼ scale.

JOHN BROWN, 411 Fullerton Pkway., Chicago, Ill., will buy Lionel cars 2623, 2624 with O gage box couplings.

DENNIS DICKE, 237 E. Monroe St., New Bremen, O., will sell Lionel O27 gage set with accessories.

ALDEN DREYER, Main St., Wales, Mass., will trade HO, AF st.-gage RMC for old issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, other rr. mags.

GEO. FOSS, 709 N. Spring, La Grange Pk., Ill., sells HO gage scale interurban models, accessories.

NORMAN GARRISON, 86 American Ave., Bridgeton, N. J., will sell Lionel Hudson, Berkshire, diesel switcher, cars, track, transformer.

JOHN HEDRICK, 905 N. 7 St., Perkasie, Pa., sells used Lionel equip., good cond.; list for 3c stamp.

GEORGE LARNED, Box 263, Bedford Hills, N. Y., will buy or trade Lionel 202, 8 trolley cars.

TONY MANGANO, 1130 Arnow Ave., Bronx, N. Y., will trade 2325 cancelled US and foreign stamps for Lionel O27 or O gage pass. cars 2400-2500 series; list for 3c stamp.

AL MILLER, 3212 34 Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn., wants mint cond. Lionel 400E blue comet tr., de lux std.-gage trs., access.

O. A. PARRIS, 1019 13 St., Bremerton, Wash., will trade Nason, Scalecraft, Lionel OO gage loco and tender parts for same.

C. F. SANDERS, 4614 Berkley St., Harrisburg, Pa., will buy Marx, Lionel, AF wind-up trains.

C. B. SHENK, 720 Rohrerstorm Rd., Rohrerstorm, Pa., will sell cast-iron clockwork loco, coal car, coach, track; details for stamped env.

NEIL WOOD (age 14), 100 William St., Towanda, Pa., interested in AF st.-gage, wants pen pals. ●

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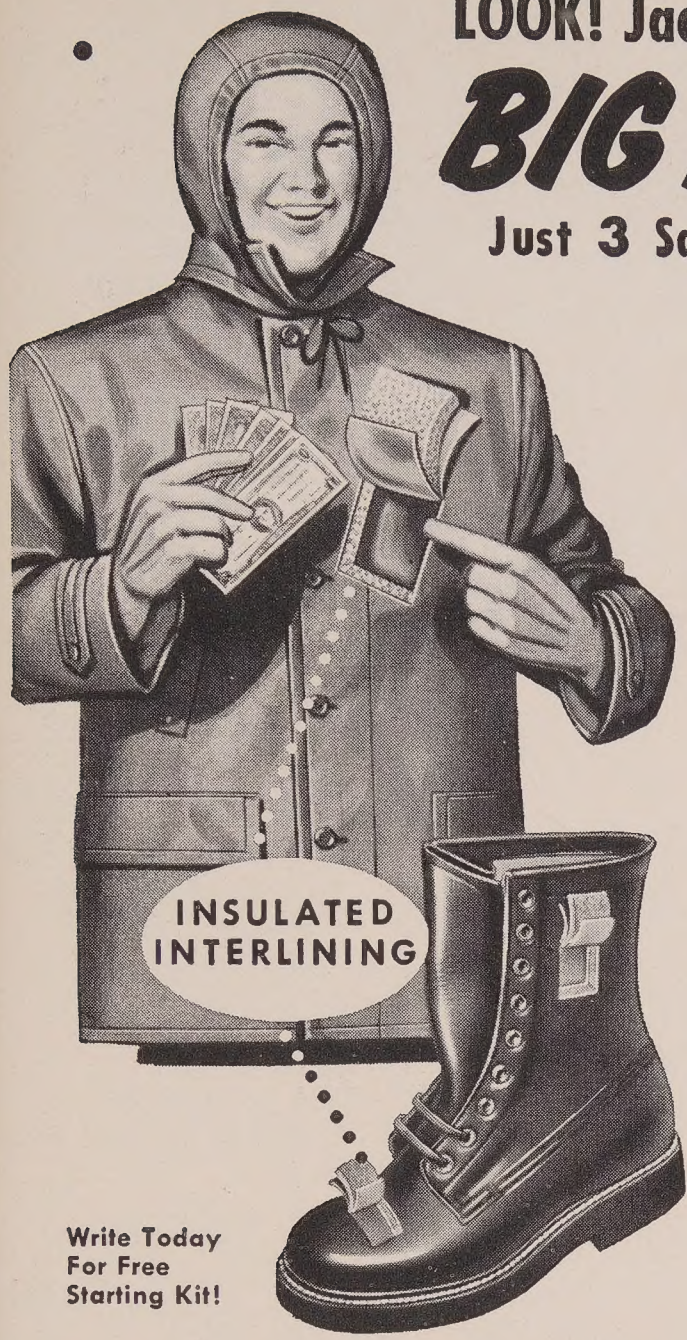

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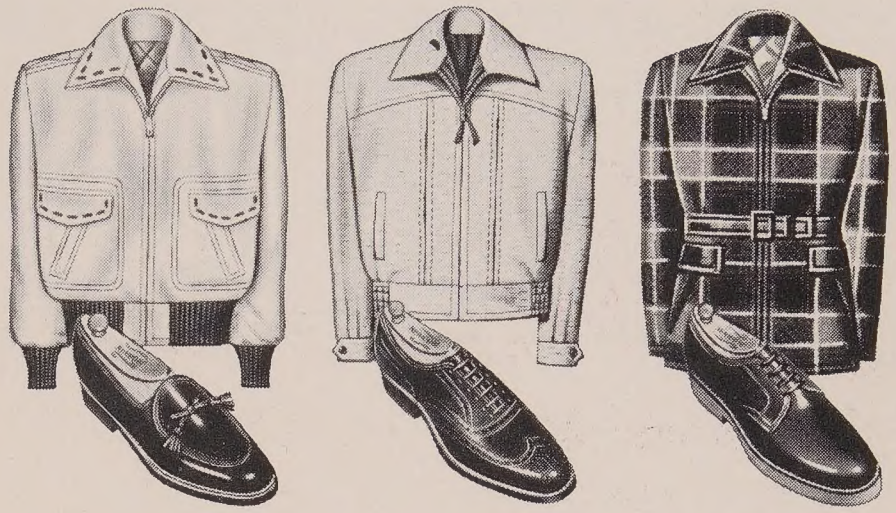

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Here's actual *proof* of the money you can make in your Mason business, taken from hundreds of signed testimonials on file at our factory. Most of these successful men had no selling experience . . . yet all made handsome, extra incomes . . . without investing a single cent! Wouldn't *you* like cash profits like these?

Earns $93.55 in 4 hours!

"On June 5th, I sold 38 pairs of shoes from 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. earning myself $93.55 in commissions." J. Kelly, New York. (While this is exceptional, it shows what an ambitious man can do.)

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"I've used my profits to pay off the final notes on a farm I own and finance a two-weeks' vacation in North Carolina for my family." T. Worley, Michigan.

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